

6

UK
£1.50
US
\$3.95
CAN
\$4.95

WHERE MUSIC AND COMICS MEET & HEARTBREAK HOTEL

EARTHA
KITT
LENNY
HENRY
NONA
HENDRYX
DAVE
IN FULL COLOUR!
McKEAN

GRAPHIC SOUND BY

Barry Kamen

Gary Powell

WEEF

Floyd Hughes

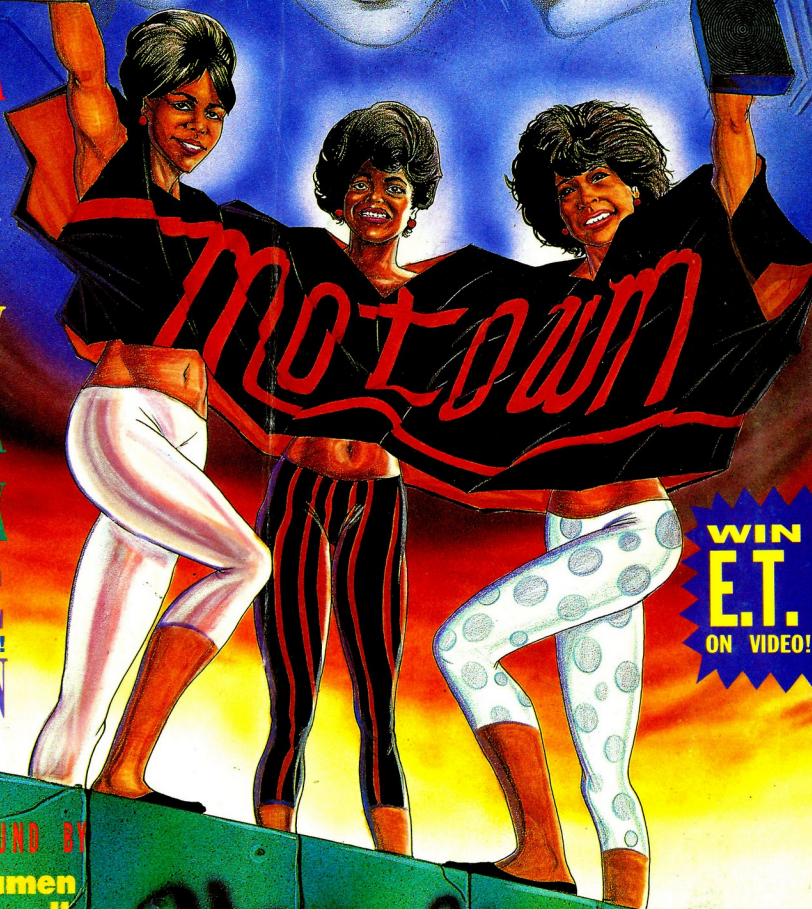
Trevs Phoenix

GROC

&

THE RETURN OF

JESSAMY



WIN
E.T.
ON VIDEO!

spill it!

I've started writing this on Wednesday 26th August and I'm dragged up to the eyeballs with anti-biotics because I've got an abscess, and I mention it only to explain why my first thoughts for this piece were really morose



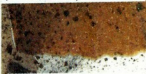
Tormented artist cuts off his left ear and sticks it to a hellblazer cover... jesus, talk about martyr to the bloody cause.

Anyway along the line I started thinking about various things that happened so far that were sort of key moments for me.



When my father died, no matter how caring and loving my mother was, and still is, I think I started to look around for something or someone to fill that gap.

In fact it was a variety of people who fulfilled my fourteen year-old needs at the time and my outlook on life was patchy to say the least.



Things came together a bit at art college but it wasn't until my first year there when I was really sparked.

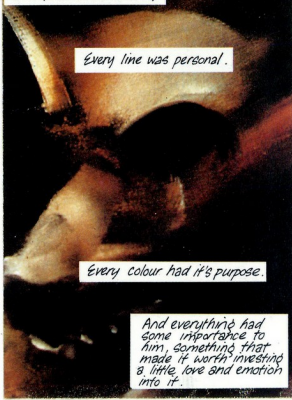
I went to a lecture by an American illustrator called Marshall Arisman at the I.C.A. in London.

I had seen some of his work and was beginning to make the jump from liking purely figurative stuff to appreciating the abstract qualities of things.



Arisman strode out with this gleeking black silver hair and Italian suit and started a slide show of his work from early sculptures through to his Time Covers and 'Last Things' prints.

Each piece had a story.



Every line was personal.

Every colour had it's purpose.

And everything had come importance to him, something that made it worth investing a little love and emotion into it.

So I walked out of the I.C.A. shellshocked thinking, I want to do that.

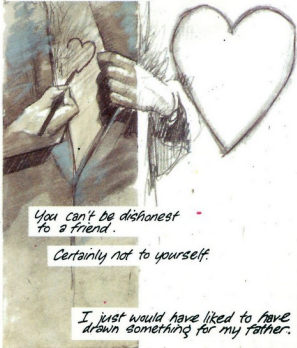


I wandered around a few rainy London streets gathering my thoughts.



and look, I've drawn this panel with lots of twinkly lights and mist to show just how much I'm contemplating the moment.

It was just this idea of drawing for people, friends or myself that I liked, rather than for companies or money or whatever.



You can't be dishonest to a friend.

Certainly not to yourself.

I just would have liked to have drawn something for my father.

heartbreak HOTEL

RECEPTION VOICES ARE HEARD ♡3 EARTHA KITT BLACK ORCHID ♡4
WHAT BECOMES OF THE BROKEN HEARTED BARRY KAMEN ♡7
PAPER DOLL CUT IT OUT! ♡12 WHEN YOU'RE YOUNG AND IN
LOVE WEEF ♡15 SALOMÉ THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY ♡19 JESSAMY
PARKER & CALKIN ♡21 NONA HENDRYX MISTRESS OF THE UNIVERSE ♡22
FILOGROC GROG MEETS SANDIE SHAW ♡23 RICKY SLAUGHTER
FORGOTTEN GOLD ♡25 NICK ABADZIS IN A PERSONAL VEIN ♡26 JOS
BURTON A ROD IN LIFE ♡31 DAVE McKEAN RADICAL ROOTS ♡32 IT
SHOULD HAVE BEEN ME GARY POWELL ♡34 MATT BROOKER
REALITY, REALITY ♡38 LENNY HENRY WICKED AND WILD ♡39 I'LL
BE THERE TREVS PHOENIX ♡41 REFLECTIONS FLOYD HUGHES ♡47
THE WORKS FROM A TO B ♡52 COMPETITIONS E.T. 4 U ♡54 KATI
TEAGUE ON DRAWING A BLANK ♡55 TRINA ROBBINS LAST WORD ♡56

INSPIRATION DON MELIA PERSPIRATION LIONEL GRACEY-WHITMAN BEAUTICIAN TREVS PHOENIX COVER FLOYD HUGHES

HEARTBREAK HOTEL, Volume 1, Number 6, November/December 1988. Published bi-monthly by Willyprods/Small Time Ink Ltd, 29 Belsize Park, London NW3 4DX. **Newsstand distribution** NS Distribution, 102 Curtain Road, London EC2A 3AA. See Page 60 for a complete list of specialist distributors. **Printed by** The Chesham Press, 16-18 Germain Street, Chesham, Bucks HP5 1LH ☎ (0494) 782141. **Origination** (colour) Litho Origination, (01) 833-1404; (mono) Tabloid Fotoset, (01) 837-8037. **Mail order** Single issue — £2.00 (includes p&p); Subscription (7 issues) — £9.00 (includes p&p); US and European subscriptions — £15.00 (includes p&p; payment in UK only). **HEARTBREAK HOTEL**, 'The Lifestyle Comic Magazine', 'Where Music and Comics Meet' copyright © Willyprods/Small Time Ink Ltd. All artwork copyright © original artists — but that doesn't give every Tom, Dick and Harry the right to reproduce it whenever they feel like (unless reviewing the magazine) without first obtaining permission from the publisher. **Advertising** Ring (01) 435-2637 and speak to Lionel or Don.

MOEBIUS

THE INCAL

'Pure visual delight' — **NEWSWEEK**

Moebius, a giant of the European graphic novel. Master storyteller, fantasy artist, and creative force. Three collections of his work have already been published by Titan Books. Now Titan presents his greatest work, The Incal Trilogy.

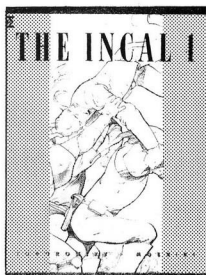
Moebius and writer and film maker Jodorowsky's epic work. The cosmic saga of John Difool, a private detective of the future, who upon gaining possession of the Incal, a force of immense power, is plunged into a vortex of the fantastic.

1

The Incal Book 1

The odyssey begins as Difool finds the Incal. In his quest, he must flee galactic invaders, encounter mutants, zombie robots; journey to Techno City and sail acid seas to the Earth's core.

96 page large format graphic novel
£5.95

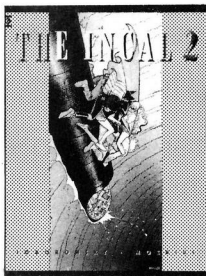


2

The Incal Book 2

John Difool must overcome psycho-rats and necro-robots at the Earth's core to reach the Crystal Garden. Here the Incal becomes the force needed to combat the Great Darkness.

120 page large format graphic novel
£6.95



3

The Incal Book 3

John and his supporters in their final confrontation with the Great Darkness. As his teammates fall, as darkness appears to triumph; so Difool faces the ultimate encounter.

96 page large format graphic novel
£5.95



AVAILABLE NOW
FROM ALL GOOD BOOK AND COMIC SHOPS!

RECEPTION

I am writing this on Sunday, October 16. This is the day of the AARGH! Independents' Day gig at the Brighton Pavilion. Also today, the News of the World ran three headlined anti-gay stories. Also today, Network 7 had a feature on coming out. Synchronicity, it seems, is in full play today. I am writing this on Friday, November 4. This issue is late. Such is life. The best way, I suppose, to get into something like this is to start at the beginning. In this case, assuming the cover speaks for itself, the starting point would have to be the inside cover, a "Spill It" from Dave McKean. For those of you who are reading *Heartbreak Hotel* for the first time, or perhaps for those of you who have been reading it regularly but aren't aware of how these things work, the "Spill It" pages are autobiographical, semi-autobiographical, or wishfully autobiographical pages, usually from established artists. These artists are not paid for doing a "Spill It". It's their way of helping us do what we set out to do — namely, promote new British graphics and art talent. (It's also a bit of a laugh, 'coz no one's ever asked 'em to do anything like it before — "My Life in Nine Panels" — but I just wanted to make the situation perfectly clear.) Anyway, I said to Dave a couple of months ago, "Look Dave, I haven't got any Big Names doing a Spill It for me in the Motown issue. Do us one, will you?" Being the cuddly sort of guy that he is, he said yes. Now for those of you who have seen *Violent Cases*, you know that Dave likes to do lots of Fancy Things in his artwork. Given that I'd asked him rather late in the day, and didn't want to restrain him to plain old black ink, I said he could go ahead and make his page as much of a production nightmare as he wanted. Instead, he gave us a dream. So, in a very long-winded sort of way, thanks Dave. For those of you who haven't read *Violent Cases* yet, I suggest you dash out and buy a copy. If that's too much like hard work, then send us a card marked *Violent Cases*, and the first five cards drawn after our mega lucky dip held on New Year's Day will receive shortly thereafter in the post a copy of said book signed by Mr McKean and author Neil Gaiman. I would also recommend Neil and Dave's latest collaboration, hitting the stands even as does this magazine — *Black Orchid*, a prestige format mini-series from DC Comics in full painted colour. Having used the name of the book as the headline for the Eartha Kitt interview, this gives us a convenient segue to a serious statement. What do you do when you get an interview in which the interviewee voices opinions on a very emotive issue which directly contradict your own? As the issue at hand is AIDS, and Don and myself have spent the past two years doing our utmost to try to get people to avoid using words like "guilty" or "innocent" in relation to this disease, and to try to stop people apportioning blame, we must emphatically state that Ms Kitt's views on AIDS are entirely her own and do not reflect the opinions of anyone else associated with this magazine. Call it making a mountain out of a molehill, but to run the interview without any comment would be just as irresponsible as the worst of the yellow press. Moving right along, this issue also has a number of surprises, not least of which are two comic strips requested by two of our interviewees, one past, the other present. The resurgent Sandie Shaw asked that we do her new single *Please Help The Cause Against Loneliness* as a strip. Pressed for space as we were, we thrust her request upon GROC, who willingly obliged. Sandie, by the way, sounds better than ever, and her album *Hello Angel* is truly excellent. And yes, you guessed it, we've got a copy to give away to the first person with the correct answer to the following question drawn in that mega prize draw: What happened to the fellow who had a date at half past eight? The other request was from Ms Nona Hendryx, and thanks on this one are due to Fin Cowan, who turned in an ace job on incredibly short notice. Our next issue was to be pushed forward two weeks on account of Christmas, but as this issue is so late we've decided to hold it back until after Christmas instead. So let me take this opportunity, on behalf of Don and Trevs and the automated desk clerk and myself, to wish all of our readers happy holidays and best wishes for the New Year. I'd also like to mention one simply delightful stocking filler — the new graphic novel by Alan Nocchi and John Bolton, *Someplace Strange*. A modern-day, Spielberg-esque fairy tale, it spins a tale of a land where dreams come true. But what kind of dreams do people really have. . . ? We've got a copy of *Someplace Strange* signed by John Bolton to give away in our prize draw — just mark your card "Strange". A last word about our next issue. As it's our first anniversary issue, the theme is jukebox/requests and it features an all-star line-up including Brett Ewins, Hunt Emerson, Grant Morrison, and a painted cover by Alan Moore. And finally, for those of you who are wondering who it is writes this bit — it's me, Lionel. 'Bye now!



HEARTBREAK HOTEL illustrations by Dave McKean

BLACK ORCHID

Eartha Kitt is the original cat who walked by herself. From freezingly austere to huggably friendly in one sentence, she talks about what she knows — and when she talks, you know you'd better listen. The dynamic duo, Trevs Phoenix and Charmaine Curry, listened to her between performances of *Follies* at the Shaftesbury Theatre.

What do you think of modern music?

I don't.

You don't like any of it?

It's not a matter of not liking any of it — some of it is okay — but I don't think the young people are saying anything today. They are confused, as we are all confused. The music obviously — as in all generations — depicts what is happening today, also the yesterdays and perhaps what we would like for our tomorrows, but they are doing a lot of stomping.

What is it that young people want today? I have no idea. Because I'm not getting anything from their music telling me what their needs are, what their desires are. Everything is electronic, everything is very technical; technology has taken over to the extent that you are using these buttons to express yourselves, but there is nothing that these buttons are saying except a lot of noise.

But part of the form means using technology to achieve the message.

What is the message through technology?

Well, part of the message is purely sound itself. That's what is really radical about, say, hip-hop.

Hip what?

Hip-hop. Things like Public Enemy. You know, you see these guys on the street wearing big leather jackets and they have their boxes on their arms; the stuff that pumps out of them is very rhythmic, metallic-sounding.

That's it. It's very metallic, there's no soul behind it. For you, yes, but you're asking me what I feel and I'm telling you what I feel. What are you developing into? Where are you going with this technology?

Music always pushes forward... It starts off with basic melody, then goes on to...

But there is no melody! For you there is a melody but I'm telling you what I

feel. Once in a while, yes you hear something come out of it that you feel you might like to listen to. Lionel Richie, for instance, I like him very much... and what's-his-name, Stevie Wonder.

But they've been around a long time!

What's wrong with that? I've been around a long time! At least they're saying something. What the young people are saying is that they have no... We're talking in generalities and there's always an exception to the rule, maybe here and there, but I don't even remember their names because they come up and you don't hear of them anymore.

Those artists who have something to say and who do sing a melody and do sing words that are meaningful, they may not be making the big times at the moment, but we call them sleepers because you'll still be hearing their names fifteen, twenty years from now... which is a Stevie Wonder and a Lionel Richie. All I hear is a lot of noise. I'm waiting for music to become music again. At the moment, it's not even being written!

When I did those dance records for Scorpio, the words were there. Those words were written for me... but every song was the same and they just changed the words a little



bit. I said, "Now wait a minute. I'm an interpreter of words, an interpreter of phrases, I tell a story. How many times can you tell the same story? How many times can I say I want diamonds, furs and Cadillac cars? It's going to get boring."

And this is what's happening to the music today. It's boring because you have the same beat, the same sound and it doesn't progress into anything. You say one line in something: "Kiss me tonight", maybe. And that's all you say in the record and that's all you remember.

I went to the Hippodrome the other night — Boom! Boom! I got so bored with this music I said get me the hell out of here... And it's tone deafening. If I had stayed there any longer... I was hiding under the furniture because I didn't want my eardrums beaten away because I had to work the next day and it would have made me tone deaf. I may be singing out of tune.

I wouldn't consider what they play at the Hippodrome to be a good example...

I'm not just talking about the Hippodrome; Stringfellows is the same thing! So where are the places that you say you go to where the music is great and you want to go there every night or, say, once a week?

The Fridge, or — well, the names won't mean anything to you...

The Fridge? Even the name itself sickens me!

What's wrong with the name?!

It means you want to go in there and freeze! What are you freezing off?

Because it's cool, that's why it's...

Oh sure, it's coool...

Do you like working in London?

I love London and that's why I'm here. Even though I didn't know the show before, I'm now liking the show very much. I only knew the song *I'm still here* before because I

rewrote the lyrics and I was singing it for a long time, but now I'm singing Sondheim's lyrics.

I like the show, I like the people in the show and I like the song. The song says something. It has music behind it. You can *re-member* the melody. Not only that, you can remember the words. Not only that, you can remember what the words are saying. Not only that, you can hear the words because *le-nun-ciate* extremely well!

I don't understand what the kids are singing, even Michael Jackson. I can't understand anything he sings except maybe one line here and there... "Beat It, Beat It, Beat It!" — that's all I remember. And what is the other one? I'm — bad?

Yes. He's bad.

Ha ha ha! Bad, bad, bad. So, you're bad. Where do you go from there?

They are constructed in a different way though — it's verse, hook hook hook, then a little more verse, then more hook...

Because it's gotten to be such a big business today, the recording business, that you don't need the artist any more. You press a button and the technology becomes the entertaining factor. Well, I don't see where that is artistry. I'm not saying that I never will, but it certainly has to be much improved upon. Interpreting life as songs, as stories, are supposed to do.

Like in the Twenties and the Thirties — I wasn't around in those days, but! — those songs are still being played today. We can remember them; we call them evergreens because they were talking about everyday life. And there is no end to everyday life. Therefore people should be writing songs about what is happening to them, they should feel something.

Maybe the kids want to go to sleep, maybe they want to just lie in limbo until they wake up tomorrow and find a better world. But they can't leave the world to be bettered by their mothers and fathers. We can't do it without the children... and you kids cannot afford to go to sleep because too much is happening too fast.

What are the things you are proud of, over your long career? What things stand out for you?

My daughter. I'm very proud of the fact that I brought her into this world. We've been around the world together, so she's seen different cultures and different societies so she's not thinking only about how much she has in the bank.

Naturally we all have to pay our bills, so I'm not talking against money. But never sacrifice yourself for the sake of money. To be in show business — or any kind of business — just because you wanna make money, that means you're a prostitute. And not only are you whoring yourself, you're whoring the business. We call those people yuppies.

Principles.

That's what I'm talking about exactly. Principles. If you do not have principles, there is no reason to be doing anything except... whatever I suppose you wanna do naturally...

So what did you do at the Hippodrome the other night?

I just went in to say hello, that they should give more to AIDS.

Are you campaigning for that in the states?

I have been campaigning for AIDS since the beginning of time. Loosening before Elizabeth Taylor got involved. Because I have a lot of friends from many years ago who got lost in that, who were lost to AIDS.

How do you feel about the way things are going, the way governments are responding?

Why does everybody pick on the governments? I mean, the people who get themselves into the predicament are now passing it on to the heterosexuals. And whatever is happening now, it's gotten very bad and I think it is probably much worse than we maybe think it is. So that everybody is now afraid to have any kind of relationship. I mean, God help those who help themselves.

I pick on the government because they put themselves there as the arbiters of taste and morality; they say if you do these things then you'll have a good life. And you pay inordinate amounts of taxes every year so you expect to get something back for your money.

Not if you're a sinner! If you don't think it's a sin, it's up to you to think the way you want to think about personal behaviour. But promiscuity does not bring happiness for other people. Because once you have gotten yourself involved in that kind of thing then you're taking a chance of passing it on to other people who are perfectly innocent. And I think that's wrong.

It takes up to ten years for this germ to reveal itself so you may be clean today and one affair somewhere can make you guilty of something that you are perfectly innocent of. People's personal behaviour is up to them — I'm not interested in interfering with that — but I do think that we should all take much more precaution in our personal behaviour so that we do not pass whatever it is we are guilty of on to someone else who is not guilty.

Do you believe in God?

I believe in God; I don't believe in the Church. I respect those who believe in the Church, but I'm not an organised religion person. Religion has nothing to do with God. If it was so you wouldn't be having so many wars and people wouldn't be fighting each other over religion. If man is made in the image of God, then so am I. I am a part of God.

You've probably noticed Batmania sweeping Britain again and Catwoman fans coming up to you. Any happy memories of the show to share with us?

It was all very happy moments except for the two idiots that played Robin and Batman! They could never remember five words in a line. So they were wasting a lot of money for the studio and that's why it was cancelled. That's another thing. I was educated for the Theatre in the New York School of Performing Arts even though I had no intention of ever getting into showbusiness. But it's a very disciplined world. And if you're not a disciplined person you don't last very long in this business — unless you're making soooooooo much money that no one gives a damn how you behave in your personal life. But if you don't have respect for the

business you don't last long in the legitimate theatre.

What does "respect" mean?

You know your lines, you're there on time and you do your job. You have respect for the others who are in the company with you. Because every time you walk on to that stage you are working as a unit, not as a solo person.

Even though I'm accustomed to working on my own, when you're in a unit in a legitimate piece in the theatre, you have to work with one another, not against one another. Because whatever happens on that stage, that audience is going to feel it.

One person can ruin the whole thing, because the attention is on that one person who is not doing what they're supposed to be doing. And that's not what we call discipline.

You've been doing this for a very long time...

Since 1945. I have been in this business over forty years.

And you'd always wanted to...

No, I just told you I had no intention of being in showbusiness. My teachers sent me to the School of Performing Arts because they wanted me to be brought out because I wouldn't talk. I was and still am a very shy person.

They thought I was a backward child, because I was afraid. I was given away when I was a child and badly treated by the family I was given to so I never wanted to attract attention to myself. I was hiding all the time with the cats and the dogs and whatever else I could hide with. In the forest.

We lived in South Carolina, so when my aunt brought me up to New York after my mother died, she put me in school and it was not a very... happy... situation for me because I didn't know anything about being in school, and I wouldn't talk because I was afraid.

So my teachers made me audition for the School of Performing Arts and I won the scholarship — fearfully won the scholarship — and that was to teach me how to get along with others through conversation. Actually they were teaching me how to talk. To bring me out.

And by accident I went for an audition, on a dare, for a ballet company. I didn't know anything about dancing but in a show-off manner I went down and won another scholarship and that's how I came to London.

I stayed in Paris and went out on my own as a singer and that's how I got with Orson Welles as an actress and won the Best Foreign Actress award of 1951, I think it was... Then I was called back to America because of the attention I had gotten over here. That's how I got into showbusiness. But I had no intention of getting into showbusiness...

But once you were in, you liked it and decided to stay.

Well, it was a good way for me to run away from home. Because my aunt was also abusing me. And to give me a good education and make a living for myself, because I never wanted to be dependent upon anybody. I still don't.

WHERE THE HELL IS BLOOM COUNTY?

Bloom County BABYLON

FIVE YEARS OF BASIC NAUGHTINESS

At your local
bookshop!

The first in a brand new series of compilation books of the Pulitzer Prize winning newspaper strip by BERKE BREATHED. Starring Opus the Penguin, Bill the Cat, Steve the Sleaze, Binkley, Oliver and of course Milo.

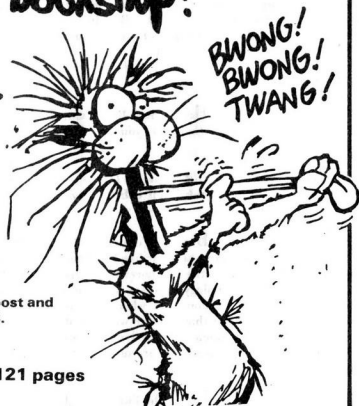
"Bloom County ... a captivating blend of charm and sass"
— NEWSWEEK

As featured in THE GUARDIAN and on the cover of the September COMICS JOURNAL.

Available from your local comic shop, book shop or send £6.95 plus £2 post and packaging to JBP Book Offer, P.O. Box 232, Melksham, Wilts. SN12 7SB.

BLOOM COUNTY BABYLON : £6.95, 224 pages.

BILLY AND THE BOINGERS : Coming October 13, £4.50, 121 pages

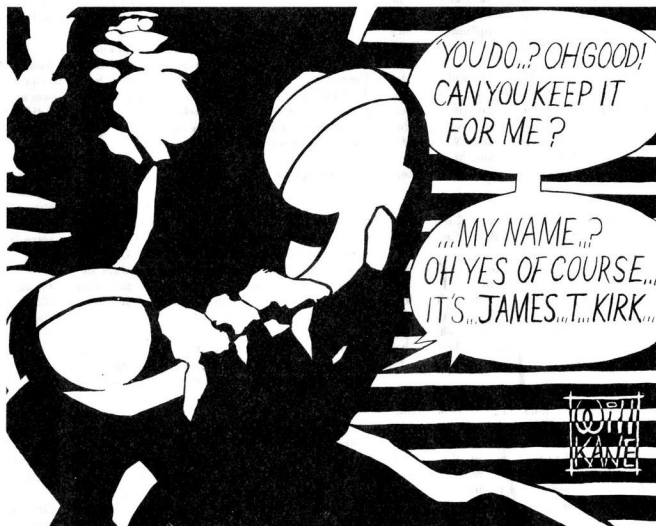


HAVING
TROUBLE
GETTING
YOUR
COMICS?

Try a

Virgin

COMIC SHOP



Virgin Megastore
14-16 Oxford Street
London W1
or phone
01-631 1234 Ext 260



Virgin Megastore
98 Corporation St
Birmingham
or phone
021-200 1437



Virgin Megastore
157-161 Western Rd
Brighton
or phone
0273 25300



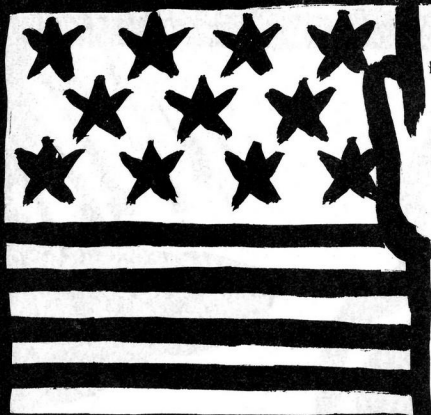
Virgin Marble Arch
527 Oxford Street
London

WHAT BECOMES OF THE BROKEN HEARTED.



The lonely life of Ragamuffin Ruffin ★

B.O.S.K. 88.



A Product of the American Dream



Wealth * Respect * Fame

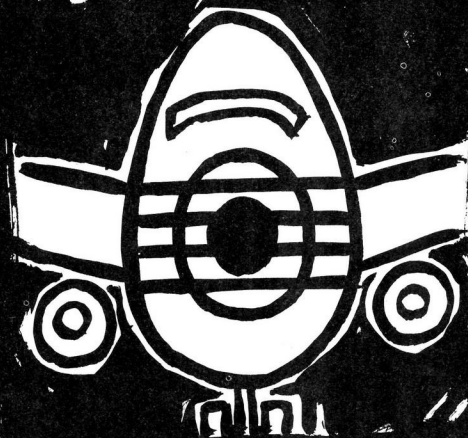


He Holds the Key to Every City.

But His Heart is locked!



THE Key stolen



Endlessly in the limelight. loved by all



His life takes him to far off lands



Yet he searches in vain for the one
—♡— drug to ease his Pain —♡—

He May have Conquered The World



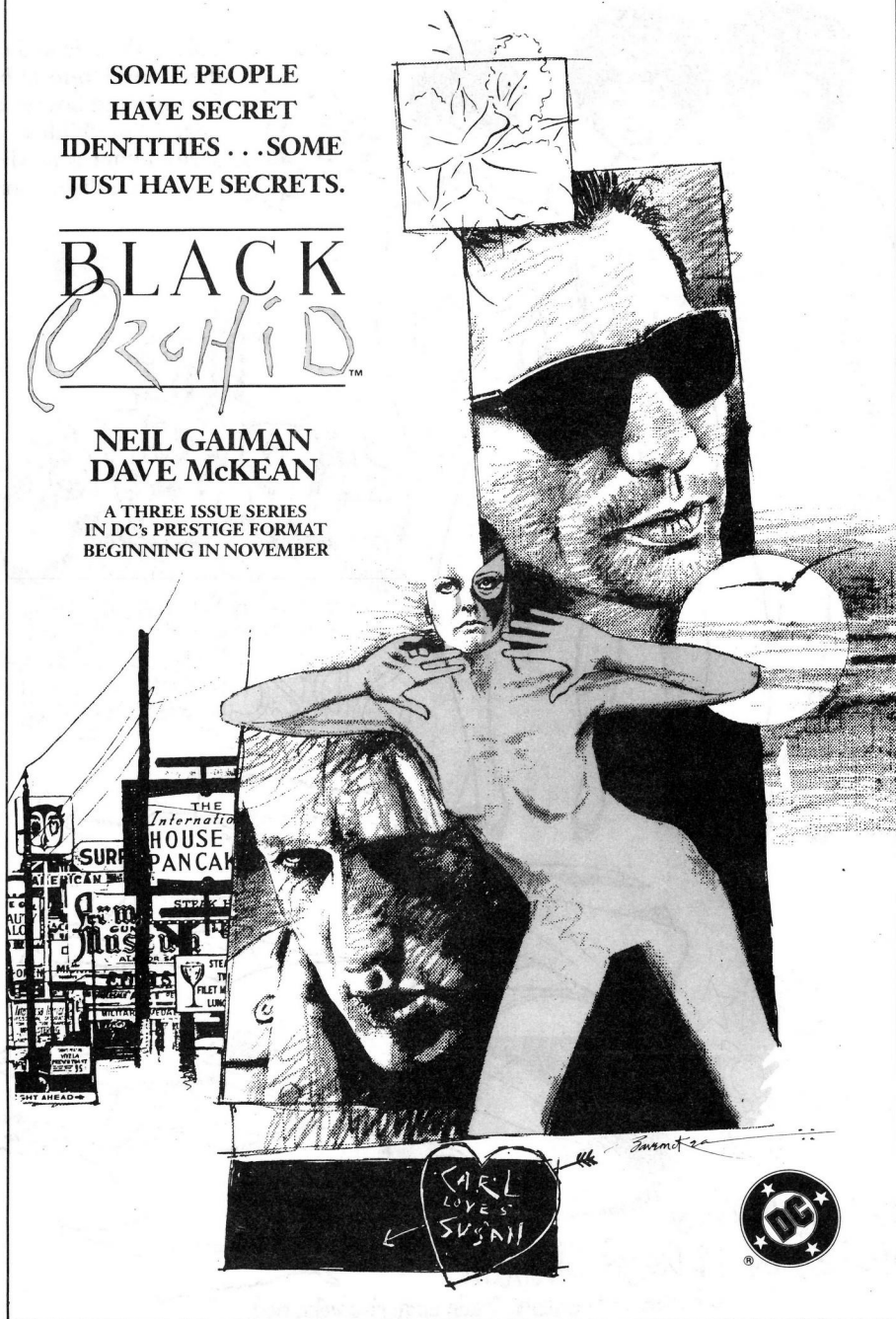
*But Not the UNIVERSE
in his own HEART.*

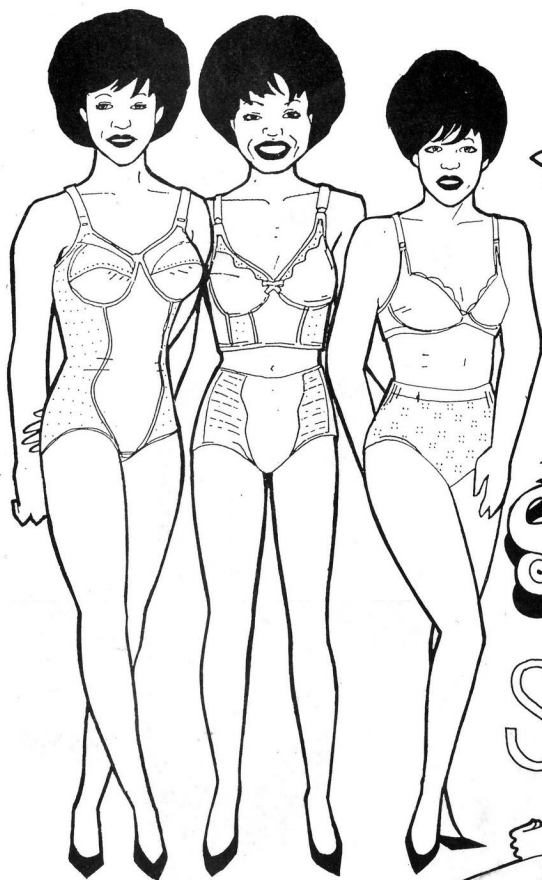
SOME PEOPLE
HAVE SECRET
IDENTITIES . . . SOME
JUST HAVE SECRETS.

BLACK ORCHID™

NEIL GAIMAN
DAVE McKEAN

A THREE ISSUE SERIES
IN DC'S PRESTIGE FORMAT
BEGINNING IN NOVEMBER



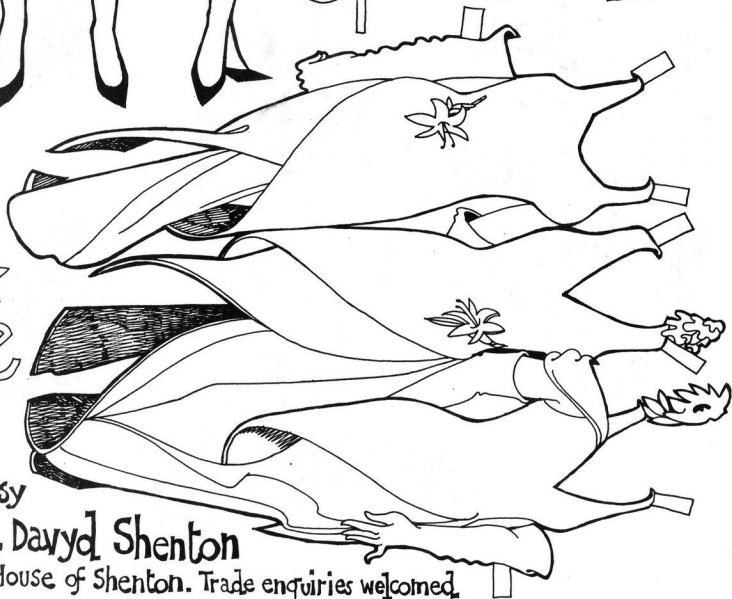


Colour them in and cut them out! Hours of fun for girls and boys of all ages! But children, be sure Mother is in when you use the scissors!



The SURREYES ★ Fashion ★ Spectacular

★ on ★
stage



Dolls by Mr. Trevisy

Modes by M. Davyd Shenton

© House of Shenton. Trade enquiries welcomed.

JUST COMICS



100,000 Comics

Plastic bags for
Marvel/DC/
Treasury/Eagle/
Golden Age/
Magazine/2000AD

Send SAE for
catalogue

JUST COMICS
2, Crossmead Avenue
Greenford
Middlesex
UB6 9TY

MAIL ORDER ONLY



COMIC SHOP

NOW ON LARGER UPPER FLOOR

- Marvel ● DC ● First ●
- Eclipse ● Freak Brothers ●
- Valkyrie ● Dark Horse ●
- Comico ● 2000 AD ● Viz ●
- T-shirts ● Graphic Novels ●
- All the latest imports ●

- Comic Boxes ●
- Comic Bags ●

**12 WELLINGTON PLACE, (BARRACK RD.),
NORTHAMPTON ☎ 0604-231690**

(Upstairs at Blitz Video)

**OPEN SIX
DAYS A WEEK**
Mon-Thurs 10am-6pm
Fri-Sat 10am-10pm

ROCK ON

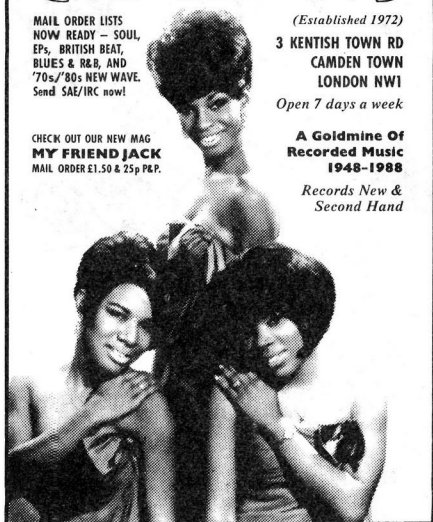
MAIL ORDER LISTS
NOW READY - SOUL,
EPs, BRITISH BEAT,
BLUES & R&B, AND
70s/'80s NEW WAVE.
Send SAE/IRC now!

CHECK OUT OUR NEW MAG
MY FRIEND JACK
MAIL ORDER £1.50 & 25p P.P.

(Established 1972)
**3 KENTISH TOWN RD
CAMDEN TOWN
LONDON NW1**
Open 7 days a week

**A Goldmine Of
Recorded Music
1948-1988**

Records New &
Second Hand



16th ANNIVERSARY

Interested in the above
The SHEFFIELD SPACE CENTRE provides the service you are looking for our comprehensive stock includes:

- FREAK BROTHER'S COMICS
- FAT FREDDY'S
- CAT
- VIZ
- 2000 A.D. New & Back Issues
- HEAVY METAL
- TITAN BOOKS
- TEE SHIRTS
- GRAPHIC NOVELS
- E.C. BOXED SETS
- PORTFOLIOS
- COMIC BAGS & BOXES

ALL major COMIC products
Weekly delivery of AMERICAN comics

PLUS....
UK & U.S. Paperbacks
STAR TREK & DR. WHO material
Film & TV Patches, badges, medals,
posters, stills & album soundtracks

If you don't live in the area we offer a mail order service on all our stock.

33 THE WICKER, SHEFFIELD S3 8HS, ENGLAND.
TEL: (0742) 758905

WHEN

You're Young AND IN Love

by THE MARVELETTES



ONE DAY *ding* IT HAPPENS
THE CHEMISTRY IS JUST RIGHT

ALL YOU WANT TO DO IS BE
TOGETHER, EVEN WATCHING
EASTENDERS... IS NICE...



ROMANTIC MUSIC
ALWAYS SEEMS
TO BE PLAYING
EVERY MEAL
HAS THAT
CERTAIN JE
NE SAIS QUOI

AND OF COURSE
THE SEX
IS
WONDERFUL
AND JUST
GOES
ON AND
ON ...



EVERY IDYLIC
MOMENT IS
RECORDED

EVERY-
THING
SEEMS
PERFECT.
YOU'RE A
COUPLE



AND SO LIFE GOES ON, THINGS
CHANGE, UNTIL ONE DAY YOU
HEAR YOURSELF UTTERING THOSE
FRIGHTENING WORDS ...

BUT OF COURSE
WE CAN STILL
BE FRIENDS...

SO THERE YOU
ARE ... LEFT
WITH ONLY
YOUR MEMORIES
AND OF
COURSE THE
PHOTOGRAPHS

iFin!



WEEF

THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY

Most people click to David Shenton when they see his work and say, "Oh — he's the chap who does *The Guardian* when Steve Bell is on holiday."

Most people do themselves a disservice.

David Shenton has been wryly chronicling gay life in weekly comic strips since 1982. And in 1985 he started work on what was to become, in effect, the first British graphic novel — an adaptation of Oscar Wilde's *Salomé*.

"I was riding on the wave of the cartoon Shakespeares," says David. "But I thought the Shakespeare plays were too long to adapt in comic strips. You had one facial expression and then half a page of text. With a shorter play like *Salomé* you could present more in the visual imagery. Besides, it's a very eventful play — and it's a very camp play!"

David left his teaching job to work on the book, which took him 14 months to complete. "I had painted before and had exhibitions. I had a write-up in *The Guardian* in 1976 — obviously long-forgotten now. For the book I used mostly Quink, because it changes colour so much when you pour water on it. And Tesco's felt tips." Other effects were achieved by coating the soles of a pair of gym shoes with paint and "very carefully stepping on Herod's face" — thus bringing a whole new meaning to Action Comics!

The book was printed in Italy. "The printers did a cracking job with it," says David. "It's perfect." So why did it go unnoticed?

An obvious answer is that it was released just slightly ahead of its time — two years on comics became hot, hot, hot. But there was much more to it than journalistic indifference. What happened with *Salomé* is an object lesson in comics artists' protracted battle for creators' rights.

"I was caught in the middle of a personal quarrel between two publishers," says David. "The book had been taken on by Brilliance Books, but they couldn't afford to publish it. So they sold me as a commodity to Quartet Books for £6,000, of which I got £1,800.

"There was a lot of in-fighting going on. Brilliance was going under and the book ended up being a bone of contention. When it finally came out, it didn't even get to Hammersmith from Goudge Street [the offices of Quartet]." Quartet's indifference to *Salomé* still doesn't seem to have changed, as repeated phone calls to their offices requesting any sort of publicity material have elicited no response whatsoever.

"I think a weaker person would have given up years ago," says David, laughing. "I mean, I've had three books out and four publishers!"



But David has put the fiasco behind him and is carrying on with his cartooning and teaching — and he's quite happy keeping it that way, thank you very much. "I'd never make it as a full-time cartoonist living in Norfolk, and I couldn't stand living in London. I really like my teaching work and I wouldn't want to get too involved in the cartooning. I mean, people who do it day in and day out must dry up a bit, mustn't they? Besides, my cartoons are things I overhear, so I need to be out working and mingling to be able to do them."

Undaunted by the misadventures of *Salomé*, David has begun work on an adaptation

of Angela Carter's radio play *Vampirella*. And he hopes to write and draw his own graphic novel — "Eventually. In all the comics I've seen, people deal in clichés so much. They're all dealing in the same imagery. Even *Watchmen* dealt with the same imagery but it took the piss out of it and showed it up for what it was. It's just that there is so much other imagery that could be used."

Phobia Phobia, a collection of David Shenton's weekly cartoon strips, has just been published by Third House, £3.95. *Salomé* is available by mail order from Quartet Books, 29 Goudge Street, London W1 for £5.95 plus 50p postage and packing. Buy it now!

DEATH'S HERO



BUY THIS
COMIC...

...AND
STAY HEALTHY,
YES?

COPYRIGHT © 1988 MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC.

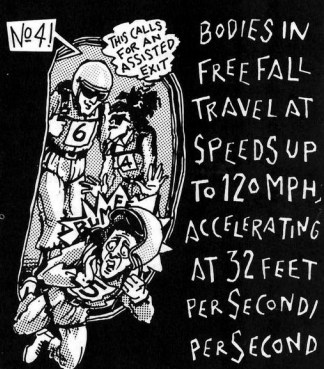
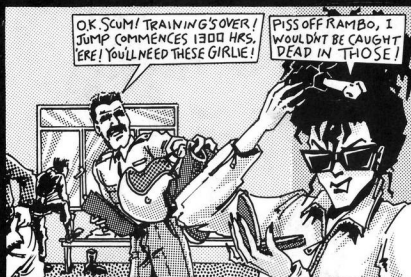
**NO HEADCOUNT TOO HIGH • NO PAYCHEQUE TOO BIG
ON SALE NOW • 28 PAGES • FULL COLOUR • MONTHLY**

Jessamy

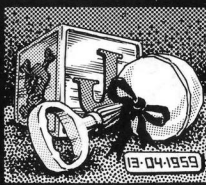
1988 © PARKER CALKIN



SUN AM: SEBASTIAN'S FLAT...



CLINICAL RESEARCH HAS SHOWN THAT INDIVIDUALS FACING AN IMMINENT DEATH SEE THEIR LIVES FLASH BEFORE THEM AT A RATE OF 2.73 YEARS PER SECOND



To be continued!



"Just make it all up," says Nona Hendryx in a low octave, Betty Boop sort of voice. "I'm sure that way your readers will find it all more interesting. Besides, I never read anything that's written about me. I mean, if it's an interview, I was already there and I know what I said so it would be like spending my time looking at myself in the mirror. And if it's a review, then it's just one person's opinion; good or bad, it's all pretty much the same, isn't it?"

Nona Hendryx lives in a world of her own — an uncompromising world where she calls the shots and the only demands are that she achieves her own personal best. This commitment to excellence has gained Nona a Grammy Award nomination and won her the New York Music Award for best R'n'B female vocalist — twice.

Nona gained international acclaim as the driving creative force behind Labelle, culminating in the worldwide number 1 hit, *Lady Marmalade* (*Voulez-vous coucher avec moi?*). The break-up of the group led to "an interesting period, musically" for Nona.

"I was working with people like DeFunk!, Material and Talking Heads. I really liked that time because we were all using different elements of music and stretching it; all the boundaries were being broken." Her work with Material led to another UK chart success — the seminal funk rock dance track, *Bustin' Out*. Since then, Nona has worked with such diverse artists as Cameo, Laurie Anderson and Peter Gabriel.

"I think that variety is good in music. It's sort of like travelling around the world — you have a good experience and then you move on. I don't like a lot of baggage; hanging on to a lot of stuff and not being able to let go of it. I much prefer the new experience."

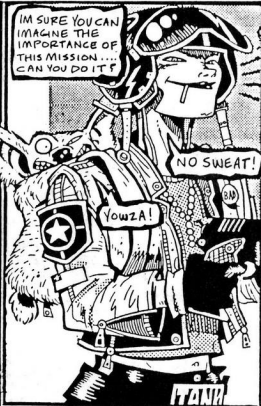
New experiences for Nona now mean producing a band called Child-bearing Hips. "They're sort of country rock funk," she says, laughing. "But they have great lyrics. They really want to say something. I'm also doing a lot of writing. I suppose you would call my own stuff New Age. It's a different type of music that I would never put on an album before, and I'm writing some poetry that wouldn't really sit in a pop vein."

A parting shot from Nona is an admission that she always loved Archie comics, and would love to be a comic book character. "I'd like to be in something like *Masters of the Universe*," she says. Well, Nona, this one's for you!



ON SALE NOW!
£1.50 MONTHLY

DEADLINE



**COMICS
MEDIA
MUSIC
& MORE**



YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

FILO GROC

IN EYESTRAINOVISION®

Continuing your crucial cut-out-and-keep guide to essentials of modern living



Continuing your cut-out-and-keep guide to essentials of modern living



HEARTBREAK 24 HOTEL

THE ACME COMICS SHOP

The Acme Comics Shop presents comics from A to Z- Imports, Marvel, DC and the best of the rest. Back issues- a wide stock at sensible prices- Graphic Novels and Trade Paperback collections. A large number of T-shirts, badges, posters, and postcards from all the publishers...Humour from the high (Freak Brothers) to the low (Viz). Room enough to relax , and a friendly face or two- don't be afraid to ask questions, we're here to help !!

**ACME COMICS,
391 COLDHARBOUR LANE,
BRIXTON,
LONDON SW9 8LQ**

of street-toughened youths.
m. **Ricky Slaughter** a bravado
un urgently bragged that he

M

MOTOWN MATTERED MOST to me 15 years ago. That was a time when I and my friends in Bideford, North Devon, would spend every Thursday evening at the Durant House Hotel disco drinking vodka and lime and trying — rather ineptly — to get laid.

Somewhere around 11pm on these occasions the music would change, with The Sweet, T. Rex and Gary Glitter giving way to The Four Tops, The Supremes and Marvin Gaye. It was at this point that the guys who had struck out gathered around the bar for a last burst of bravado drinking. It was also at this point that Dave, the DJ, would invariably play one of two Leonore Gold tracks — either *Man's Estate* or *Sacred Love*.

Dave was unquestionably the hippest person any of us knew at the time, partly because he was two or three years older than the rest of us, and partly because he had a brother in the navy who would occasionally bring him back the most unbelievable records.

I suppose the records which Dave's brother produced were ancestors of today's Rare Groove. But you have to remember that a much narrower range of American records got a UK release in those days — and we country boys were not exactly hard to impress.

Even now, though, listening to those two Leonore Gold songs on a beat-up, old Ronco *Sounds of the Sixties* compilation, that voice sounds every bit as special as it did 15 years ago. *Man's Estate* — a slow, yearning ballad about the pain of everyday life — has all the sweetness of a young Sam Cooke. There's one moment at the end of the third verse where the music drops out almost entirely, leaving Gold with a couple of gorgeous *capella* notes. It's still a heart-stopping moment.

The self-penned *Sacred Love*, on the other hand, is raunchier and throaty, built round a stomping horn riff. Almost buried in the mix is a gospel piano backing reflecting Gold's church choir apprenticeship.

I found the Ronco collection in a bargain bin something like two or three years ago. It was only through pure chance that I happened to notice Gold's name way down towards the bottom of the list of featured artists. The record itself is scratchy and three parts knackered, but I don't think it's merely nostalgia that keeps *Man's Estate* coming up so fresh.

The Ronco collection features a brief biography of Gold, the only written details of his life I've ever come across. This is what it says:

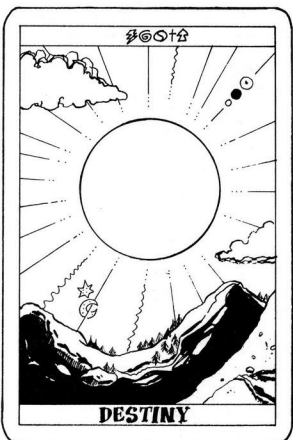
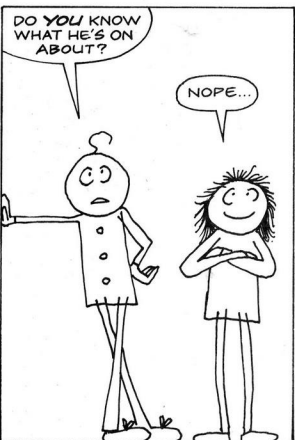
"Leonore Charles Gold was born in Detroit, Michigan in 1942, the son of Baptist minister Reverend D.M. Gold. He first made his name singing in local clubs and bars, the gospel rhythms of his music and the total conviction of his vocals eventually bringing him a contract with Berry Gordy's fledgling Tamla Motown label. A knifing incident in one of the very clubs where Gold used to sing brought his career to a tragically premature end in 1963. But although Gold never achieved the lasting fame many feel he deserved, Motown fans still remember him for a handful of incredible songs and ballads."

In the tiny photograph accompanying Gold's biographical details on the sleeve, he is seen on the rural homestead he purchased during his brief moment of fame. It is his world-weary stance which reveals that, despite Gold's upbringing, the Lord did not enjoy unrivalled domain over his soul — as if you couldn't tell as much from that soaring, roaring, knowing voice.

And it's the voice which this piece is really about. Gold is far from being the only singer to slip through posterity's net. But those of us with the dumb luck to catch him at his peak will always welcome the chance to try and get across just how good this guy was in the hope that, via a re-release or two, he might find a new audience.

Otherwise, it would be almost as if he never existed. And Leonore Gold deserves a better fate than that.





Rejected by every major
publisher in England:-

Gollancz
Pan
Picador
Secker & Warburg
Penguin
Sphere
Abacus
Macdonald
Futura
Faber & Faber
Jonathan Cape
Hutchinson
Sidgwick & Jackson
New English Library
Hodder & Stoughton
W H Allen
Star
Weidenfeld & Nicholson
Collins
Allison & Busby
Grafton
Bodley Head
George Allen & Unwin

"I believe that we should only read
those books that bite and sting us. If
a book does not rouse us with a
blow, then why read it?"

Franz Kafka

"Man is incarnate sexual instinct,
since he owes his origin to
copulation and the wish of his
wishes to copulate ... The sexual act
is the unceasing thought of the
unchaste and the involuntary, an
ever-ready recurring daydream of
the chaste, the key of all
intimations, an ever-ready matter
of fun, an inexhaustible source of
jokes."

Schopenhauer

"Look for a long time at what
pleases you, and longer still at what
pains you."

Colette

A Savoy Art Advertisement



LORD HORROR THE NOVEL

L · O · R · D
H O R R O R
D · A · V · I · D
B R I T T O N

S · A · V · O · Y

Direct from Savoy, 279 Deansgate, Manchester M3 4EW, England.

Hardback £11 inc. p & p

What's the difference between 
Books and  Records?
Fuck all! They both sell hamburgers!

SAVOY WARS

Art

THE

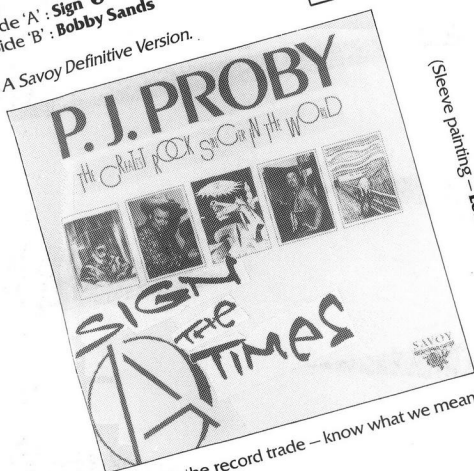


TIMES

FIRST HITLER'S DIARY, NOW LORD HORROR.

WRONG AGAIN!

P. J. PROBY — SIGN 'O' THE TIMES
The Prince song of '89 is by P. J. Proby!
Side 'A': Sign 'O' the Times
Side 'B': Bobby Sands
A Savoy Definitive Version.



Only available through the record trade — know what we mean?

THE  TIMES
PO Box 481, Virginia Street, London E1 9BD Telephone: 01-822 9174

29/9/87

I don't know who you are or what
you want, but please don't send
me any more of this trash.
— Richard Williams

FROM Richard Williams ASSISTANT EDITOR

LORD HORROR — GARBAGEMAN
Cut one: Garbageman. Vocals — Lord Horror.
Slash two: Garbageman. Guest vocals — P. J. Proby.
I Walk with Michael Moorcock
Instrumentals by The Lord Horror
African Orchestra.

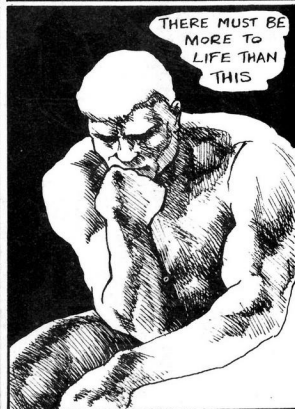
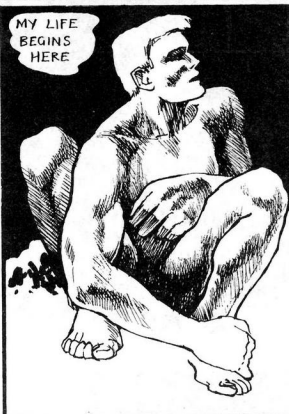
(Sleeve painting by Lord Horror with Eric by James Cavonius.)



£3.95 direct from Savoy.

No. 3 in a series of three Savoy Art Advertisements.

JOS BURTON — A ROD IN LIFE

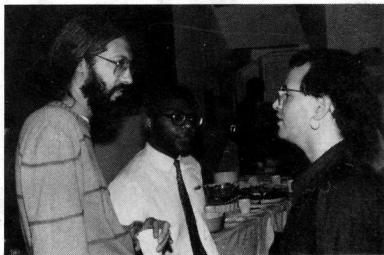


DAVE MCKEAN ROOTS • RADICAL ▲

David Leach,
quite the
maddest person
in comics,
entertains with
his Lene Lovich
impression



Steve Leialoha,
Trevs Phoenix
and Mike
Mignola ponder
the unbearable
lightness of
designer specs



Marvel UK's
leather boys
make an
entrance — (l-r)
David Hine,
Dan Abnett,
Kev Hopgood



The comics industry and its readership have undergone a rapid, albeit somewhat belated, maturation in the late Eighties, allowing for a diversity of style and content unheard of a decade ago. In a bid to further bring the comic strip out of the cultural closet, the owners of the Acme Comic Shop have opened The Basement Gallery, London's first art gallery specialising in the work of comics artists.

"With the exception of Mel Calman's Cartoon Gallery, which specialises in a different genre of comic art — the panel or strip cartoon — London galleries have largely ignored graphic storytelling as an art form in its own right," says gallery co-ordinator David Taradfer.

"The recent surge of interest in comics shown by the general press has not been capitalised upon by the art establishment except in one-off exhibitions which, more often than not, try to place the developments in this popular medium within the context of the elite art world.

"As so often happens, the comics themselves are soon dismissed as popular ephemera and the 'appropriations' recognised as fine art. This does little service to anyone — fine artists, comics artists or the public."

The gallery opened with an exhibition of work by the extremely talented Dave McKean, whose portrait of The Joker sold for just under £3,000 at the recent UK Comic Art Convention — commercial art buyers take note! The opening was well attended by leading comics creators from both sides of the Atlantic.

"We envisage the gallery being used as both an exhibition space and as a marketplace for original comics art," says Taradfer. Future shows will include an exhibition of work from Virago's *First Love* book (November 7-19) and a one-man show by John Watkiss — *The Art of Darkness* (November 21-December 17).

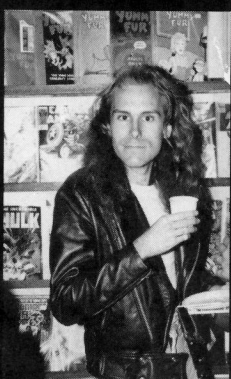
The Basement Gallery is at the Acme Comics Shop, 391 Coldharbour Lane, Brixton, London SW9 8LQ. Open Thursday-Saturday, 10.00-6.00 or by appointment, ☎ (01) 274 7478.



Trina Robbins admires Moving
Jim's cherub



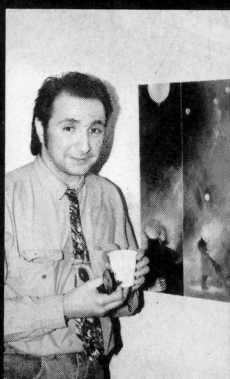
David Hine wonders why he's
the only person without a drink



Still life with Chester Brown and
Yummy Fur



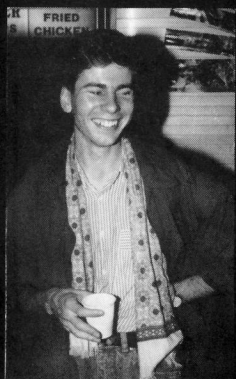
Guest of honour Dave McKean
face to face with a violent case



David Tarsfader gets his glasses
off just in time



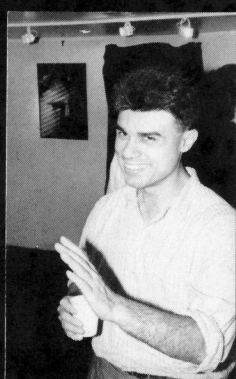
Al Davison, writer and artist of
The Spiral Cage, with a friend



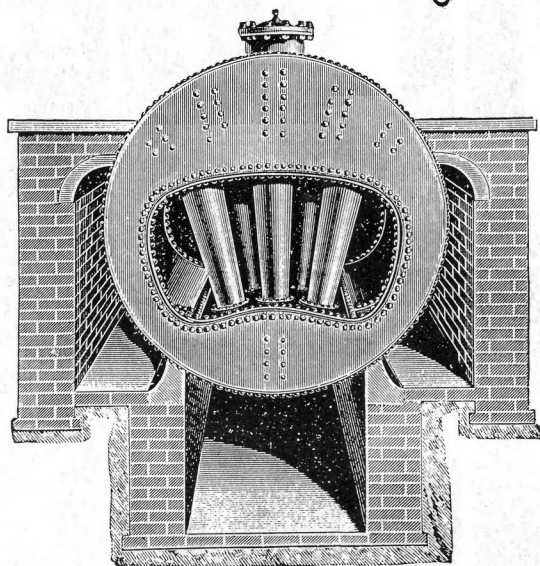
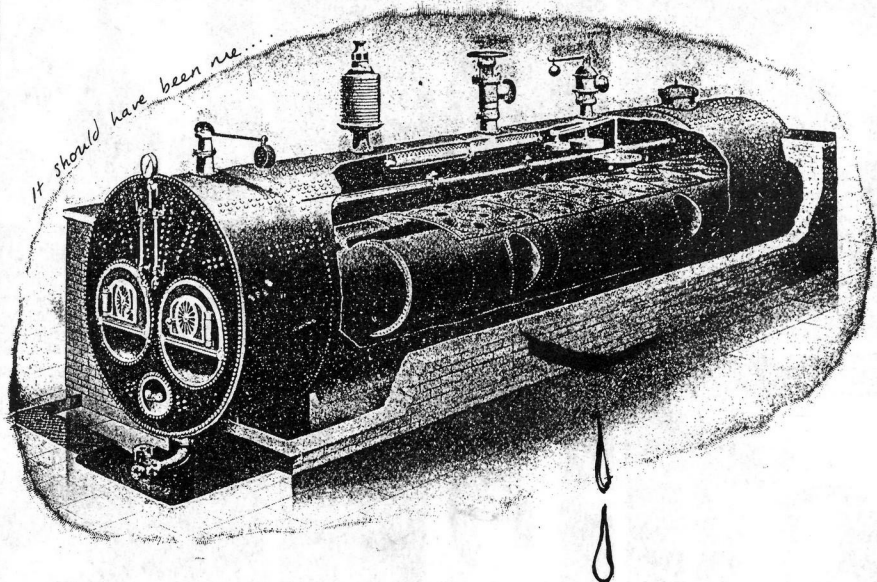
Phil Elliott in ubiquitous scarf.
No chicken jokes, please

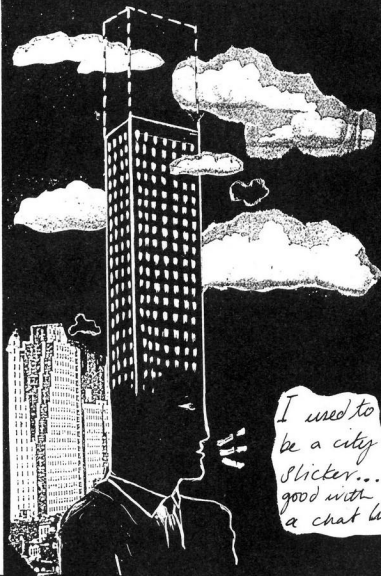


Julie Hollings and Trina Robbins
toast the photographer

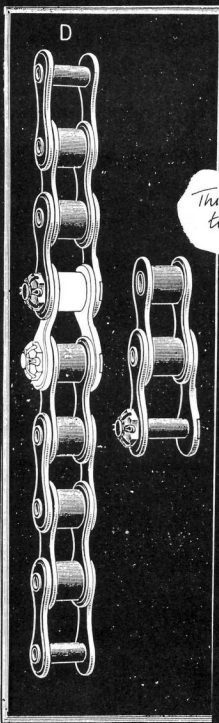
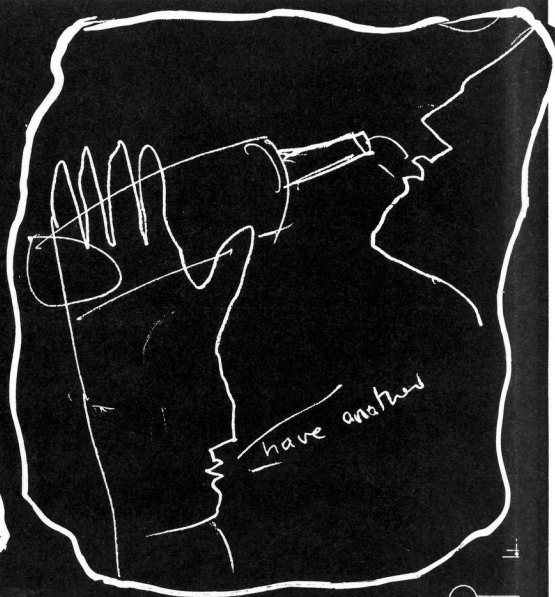


Acme Press chief cutie Cefn
Ridout, dashing as ever





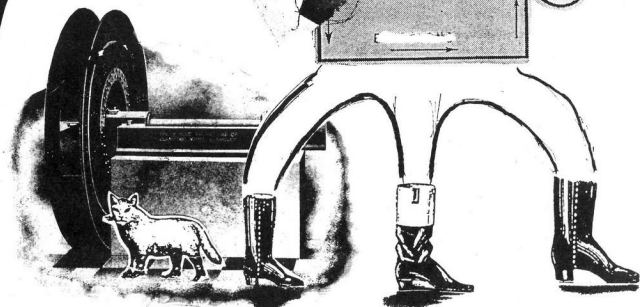
I used to
be a city
slicker....
good with
a chat line



No way
did I want
to be chained
down...

This woman's beginning
to make me feel
very strange....

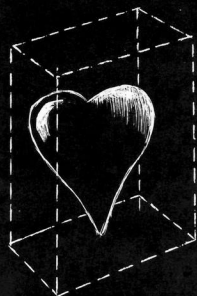
The cat senses the change....



She offered a love
filled with passion....



I got scared....



I had always been
able to control
my emotions

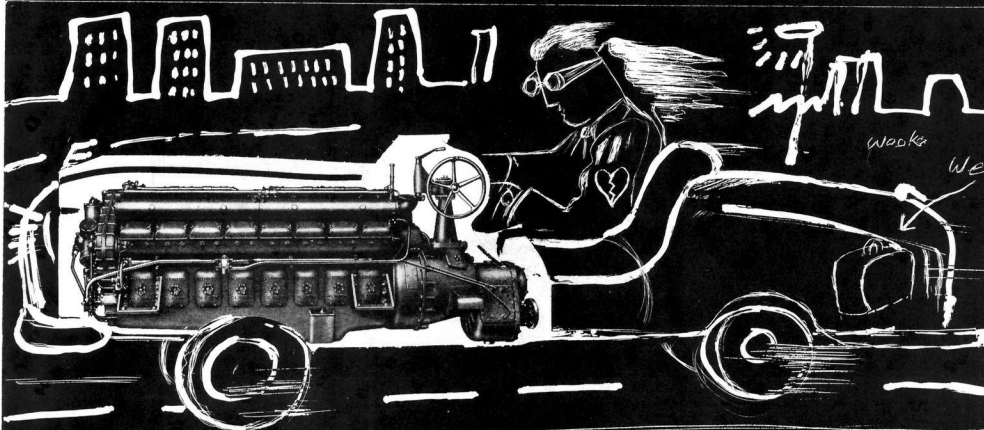
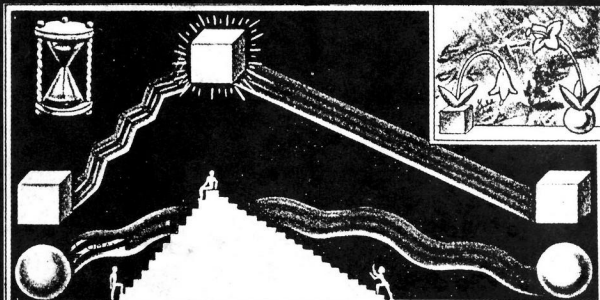
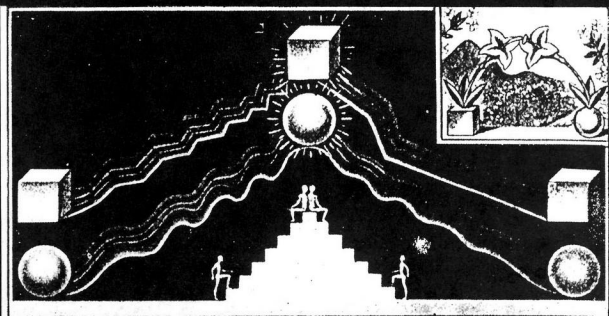
I love fast cars.....

I hate the woman I love



The stories people
tell about me
would make
you.....

She drove me to it





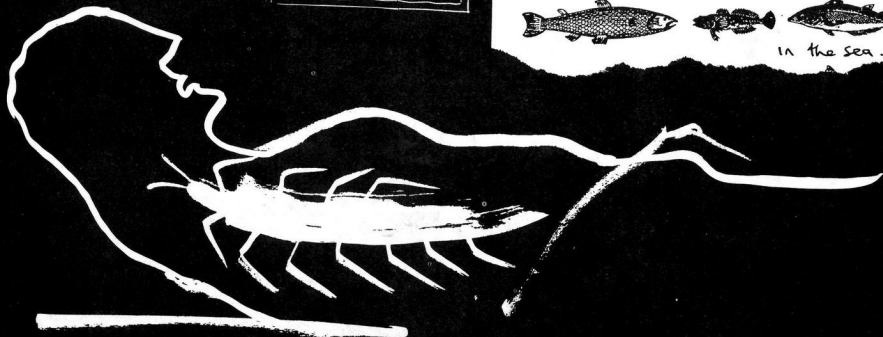
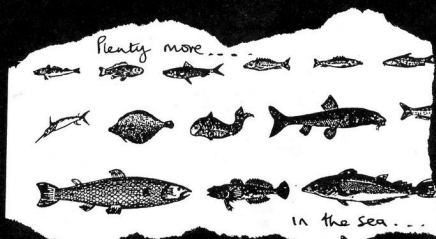
I think she is seeing
someone else.



Maybe my love was
imperfect.

I'll get a dog tomorrow...

I need a friend....

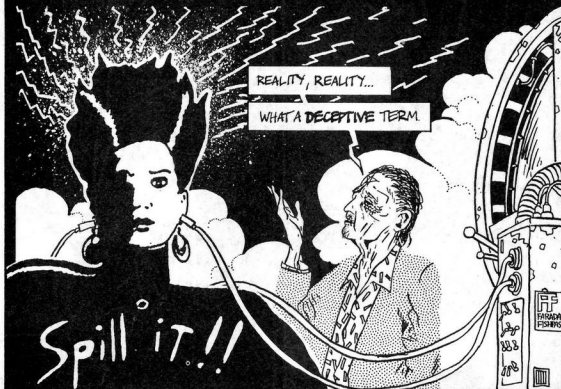


I think it's mine It should have been ^{3 3 5}Me⁵!



REALITY. REALITY

BY DISRAELI



REALITY, REALITY...

WHAT A DECEPTIVE TERM.

Spill it!!



EACH ONE OF US CARRIES OUR OWN VERSION OF THE WORLD INSIDE OUR MINDS, YOU KNOW.

'REALITY' IS JUST AN AGREEMENT BETWEEN CONSENTING ADULTS THAT THE WORLD MAKES SENSE.

'COMMON SENSE,' YOU MIGHT CALL IT.

IDEAS THAT DON'T CONFORM ARE EITHER CALLED 'MADNESS' OR 'FICTION'.



[NICER THAN TRUTH]

MADNESS IS MESSY, BUT FICTION IS WONDERFUL.

REALITY IS MESSY, UPSETTING, AND INCONCLUSIVE. BUT FICTION CAN BE CONTROLLED, PROBLEMS CAN BE RESOLVED, ENDINGS CAN BE HAPPY.



YES, FICTION IS FAR MORE LIKE THE REAL THING.

BUT IT CAN ONLY BE REAL IF IT'S INDEPENDENT OF 'REALITY' - IF I COULD TURN THE PAGE ON YOU.



AND THAT'S PATENTLY RIDICULOUS, ISN'T IT?



PATENT OF RIDICULOUSNESS APPLIED FOR.

D'EN

The first thing that strikes you when you are having a conversation with Lenny Henry is just how deep his speaking voice is. I somehow expected it to be a lot higher. I also had the impression that Lenny Henry had just recently got into comics. Wrong.

"I've been reading them since I was 8 or 9. I used to get these ones called *Smash!*, *Pow*, *Wham!*, and *Terrific*. They were British reprints of the American Marvel Comics. And I used to read all the British funny comics.

"It was a really anti-social habit. Like at my school, we would have one open day every year when the kids could do what they liked. All the other kids would be out there playing but I'd be sitting in the corner reading comics.

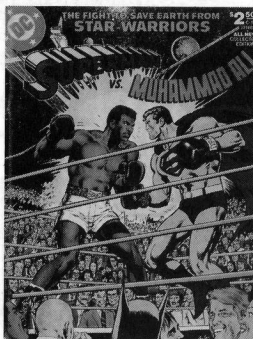
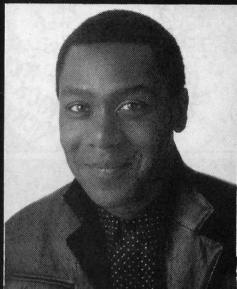
"I had a friend then called Steven Power, and I always expected him to fly over a building or something. Yeah, I was well into them."

When Lenny talks about today's comics, his conversation is — inadvertently — peppered with the phrase "when I was a kid".

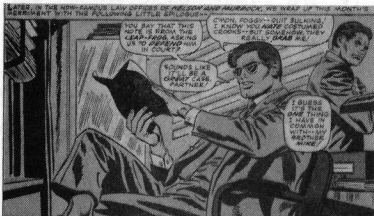
"Comics are always good," says Lenny, "but they're just not manageable any longer. There's so many of them now. I don't know where to start, so when I go into a shop I just want someone to say 'If you don't read this you're mad'." Lenny Henry is currently touring the country getting together material for a film of his show, provisionally titled *Wicked and Wild*. He is also filming a Christmas special for the BBC.

LENNY HENRY

WICKED AND WILD



"Elvis used to be my hero. And Muhammad Ali — he's a genius. But then one day you discover they're just people, and that's the saddest thing. I'm much more of a fan now. I don't have heroes — except in comics."

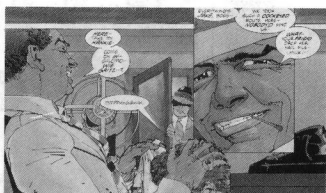


"I used to spend hours trying to draw Gene Colan's *Matt Murdock*. I would section off the panels and everything, but I could never get the glasses right."

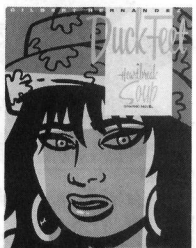


"When I read *Watchmen*, I wrote my first-ever fan letter, to Alan Moore. Sometimes I try to give comics that I think are really good to Dawn to read. And sometimes I have visions of her taking all my comics after we've had an argument or something, piling them in the middle of the room and burning them."

"I like Howard Chalkin's stuff in *American Flagg* — a mix of titillation and political comment. But I couldn't believe it in *Blackhawk* when I opened it up and saw them having oral sex. When I was a kid, that was *Underground* Comic! And from DC! I mean, DC were always so staid!"



"I always take some comics with me on tour, just to have something to touch base with. People will come into my dressing room and pick one up and ask, 'How can you relate to an Aardvark?'"



"I love Maggie and Hopey, but Maggie's got really fat now and it's gone strange. *Heartbreak Soup* is the great American novel being redone as a comic."



KNOCKABOUT

CRACK
EDITIONS.

present

FREAK BROTHERS COLLECTION TWO

includes:

Shootout at The County Slammer

A Mexican Odyssey

Tricky Prickears

Governor Richpigge

The Legendary Dope Famine

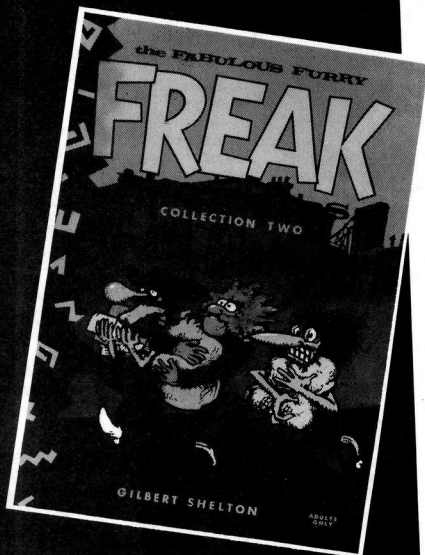
and lots more

Paperback Album 80 pages ISBN 0 86166 041 2

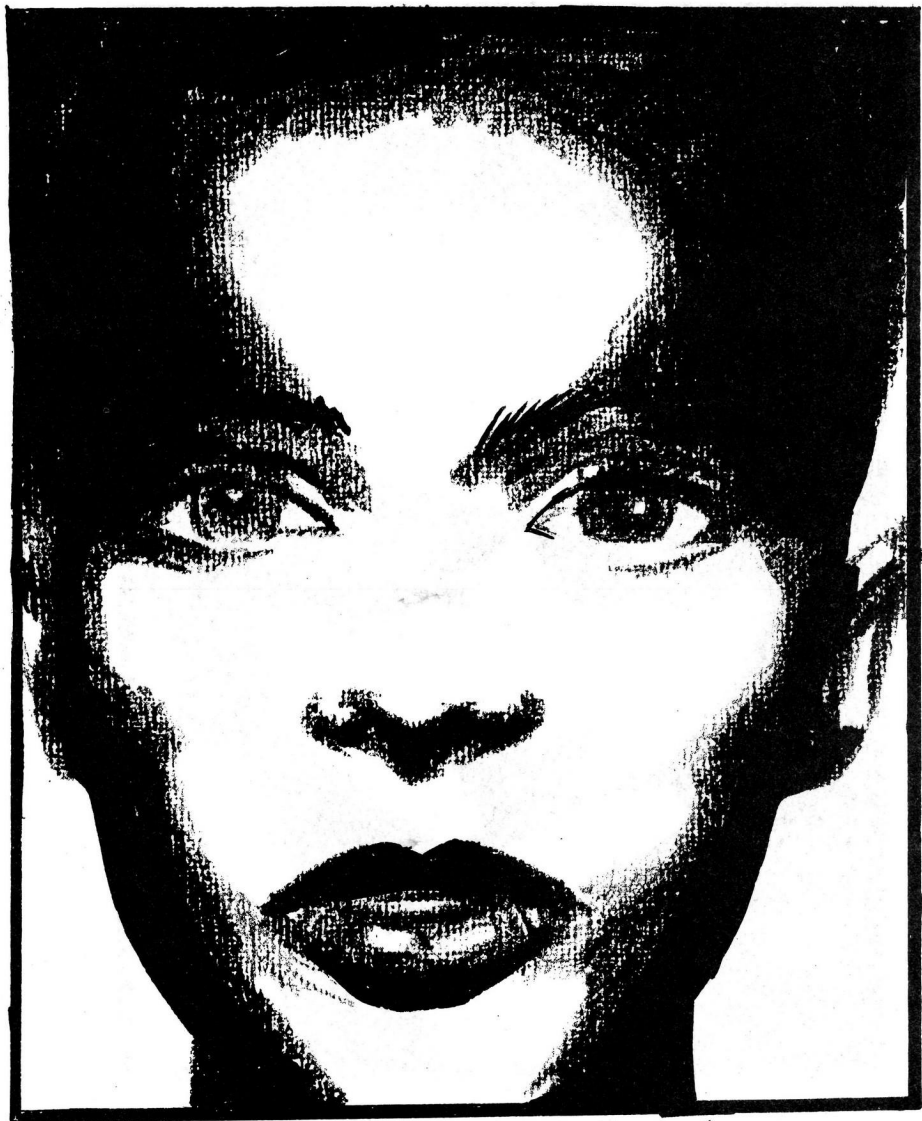
In the shops soon at £4.95

or £5.50 by post from Knockabout

Send for free illustrated catalogue



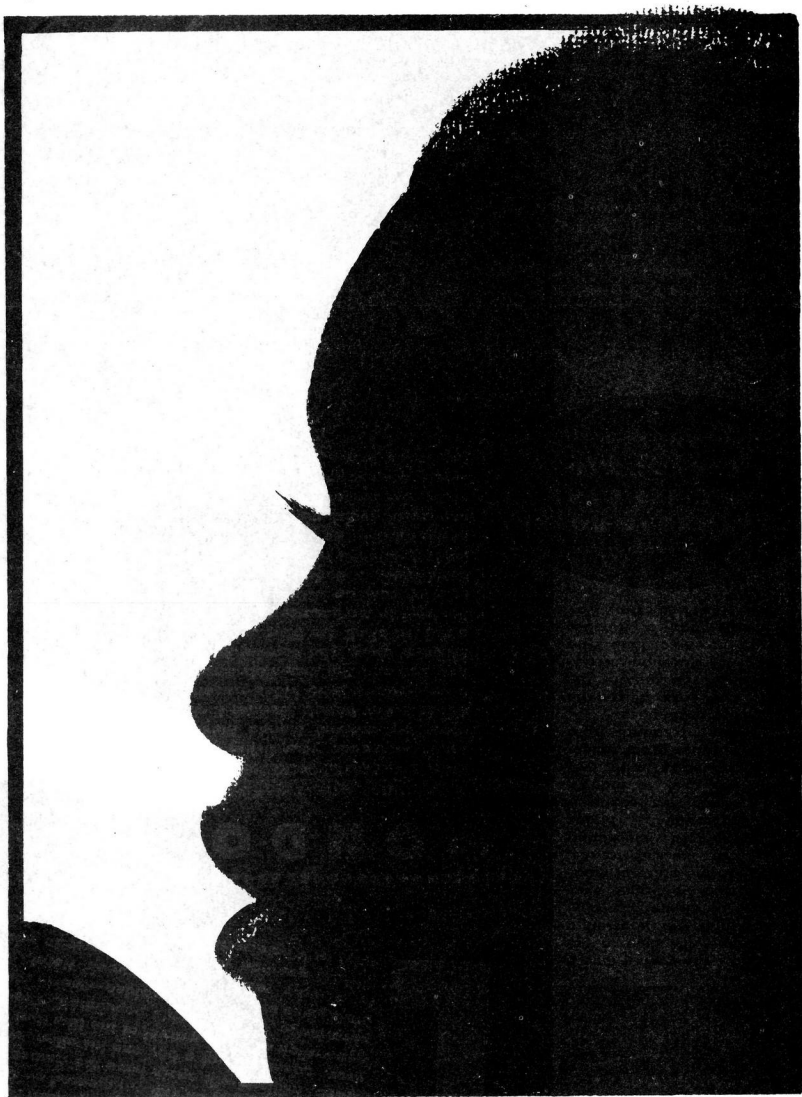
KNOCKABOUT, 10 ACKLAM ROAD, LONDON W10 5QZ, UK. (01) 969 2945



"- When I was little, I hated my
Skin. Now I hate...!"



"WHAT a good question!"



11. - *I don't have to do this
but I ... want to.* 11



...It's like being a CAT
in a room full of DOGS "

AMERICAN COMICS

JUDGE DREDD

2000 A.D.

VIZ, FREAK BROTHERS,

TINTIN, ASTERIX,

GRAPHIC NOVELS

T-SHIRTS

BADGES & POSTERS

OVER 100,000 BACK ISSUES

POSTCARDS & PRINTS

SF, HORROR, FILM & TV

MEGA CITY

OPEN 7 DAYS A WEEK
10 AM - 6 PM

MAIL-ORDER SERVICE
(Send two second-class stamps for bumper catalogue)

'LONDON'S BEST BACK-ISSUE SELECTION'
London Evening Standard

'A LARGE, WELL-DESIGNED, WELL-STOCKED SHOP'
Heartbreak Hotel

RATHER MORE THAN YOUR AVERAGE COMICS STORE



MEGA CITY, 18 INVERNESS STREET, CAMDEN TOWN, LONDON NW1 7HJ ☎ (01) 485 9320

HOW TO FIND US: Take the right-hand exit out of Camden Town tube. Turn right into the High Street. Cross the road and Inverness Street is the first turning on your left.

Specialists in American Comics



COMIC SHOWCASE

- New Imports every week
- Badges and Posters
- Graphic Novels
- Original Artwork
- Mylar Bags
- Fanzines ● T-Shirts
- Comic collecting accessories

Cartoon Books & Strip Reprints

<i>Judge Dredd</i>	
<i>Halo Jones</i>	<i>Krazy Kat</i>
<i>Asterix</i>	<i>Tintin</i>
<i>Doonesbury</i>	<i>Viz</i>
<i>Peanuts</i>	<i>Escape</i>
<i>Freak Bros.</i>	<i>If...</i>
<i>The Far Side</i>	<i>Zippy</i>
<i>Little Nemo</i>	<i>Garfield</i>
<i>Modesty Blaise</i>	
<i>Bloom County</i>	
<i>Calvin & Hobbes</i>	

LONDON

76 Neal Street WC2
Tel. (01) 240 3664

OXFORD

19/20 St. Clements Street
Tel. (0865) 723680

CAMBRIDGE

17 Norfolk Street
Tel. (0223) 69206

REFLECTIONS

© 1986/88

A Prologue to JERUSALEM
written and drawn by Floyd H.
with special thanks to Joseph
Koch, George Pratt and the folks
in New York City (Yo! BROOKLYN).
Very special thanks to SARAH
BRAMLEY-ANDERSON my
model for Murphy. (4-KIN-A!)



for Mayleen ♥



NOT IMPRESSED EH?
SO WHEN DID YOU START
PISSIN' CHAMPAGNE?!

EVERYONE'S
A BLOODY CRITIC!



CHRIST, I MISS YOU, AND I
AIN'T EVEN GONE YET...

HOW'M I GONNA
COPE WITHOUT
YOU?



STILL, MUSTN'T
GET MORBID EH?

OH YEAH, GUESS WHAT?
ME THEORY ABOUT
YOU LOT IS STARTIN'
TO SOUND MORE N'
MORE PLAUSIBLE!

ME MATE READ A BOOK
BY THIS VONNEGUT JR.
GEEZER, N'E SAYS
YOU GUNS'RE LEAKS
TO ANOTHER WORLD!!
INTRIGUING EH?



I'VE ALWAYS BELIEVED THAT
ANY PLANET OUR SIZE, THE
SAME DISTANCE FROM THE
SUN AS US WOULD EVOLVE
PRETTY MUCH THE SAME...

...NOT WITHSTANDIN'
NATURAL DISASTERS
N SUCH...

...OR WHETHER IT'S
PARADOXICALLY
OPPOSITE, BEHIND,
OR AHEAD OF US,
I DUNNO...

... BUT MAYBE OUT THERE, EXISTS
OR RATHER CO-EXISTS ANOTHER
MOTHER THERESA, MARTIN LUTH-
OR KING...

... A THATCHER...

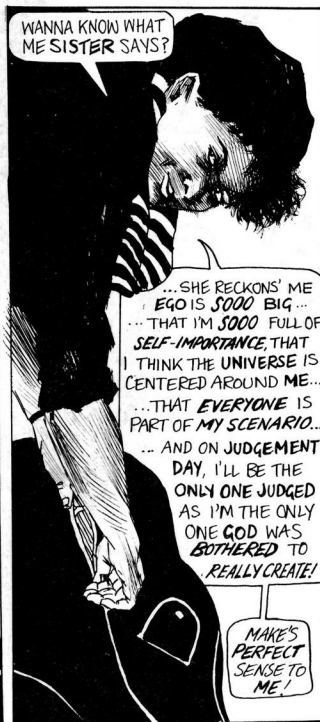
... HITLER...

... EVEN ME!

get in y' little sod! :)



BUT MAYBE THINGS'RE
SLIGHTLY DIFFERENT!
LIKE, WORLD WAR 2
NEVER 'APPENED
'CAUSE ADOLF TOOK
UP GARDENIN'!



WANNA KNOW WHAT
ME SISTER SAYS?

...SHE RECKONS' ME
EGO IS SOOO BIG...
... THAT I'M SOOO FULL OF
SELF-IMPORTANCE, THAT
I THINK THE UNIVERSE IS
CENTERED AROUND ME...
... THAT EVERYONE IS
PART OF MY SCENARIO...
... AND ON JUDGEMENT
DAY, I'LL BE THE
ONLY ONE JUDGED
AS I'M THE ONLY
ONE GOD WAS
BOTHERED TO
REALLY CREATE!

MAKE'S
PERFECT
SENSE TO
ME!





heartbreak HOTEL GIFT SHOP

Missing any back issues of *Heartbreak Hotel*? Get them now while the going's good. *Heartbreak Hotel 1* features strips by Alan Moore, Dave Gibbons, GROC, Melinda Gebbie, and the first-ever appearance of Jessamy. *Heartbreak Hotel 2* has the last UK interview with Divine, an incisive 8-page tabloid supplement on censorship in comics and the media, and the first professional comic strip by Mark (Hellblazer) Buckingham. *Heartbreak Hotel 3* is a must for psychedelics revivalists, featuring a plethora of Seventies-inspired strips as well as an interview with the resurgent Sandie Shaw! We won't tantalise you with the contents of *Heartbreak Hotel 4* because it's **SOLD OUT!** Perhaps because it was the punk issue, featuring the first professional appearance of Shane (Mister X) Oakley and a close-to-the-bone interview with Clive Barker. A lighter dose of summertime frippery followed in *Heartbreak Hotel 5*, the sun, sea, sand and sex issue! Where else but in *Heartbreak Hotel* could you find Jonathan Ross doing a full strip!!!! Each of these testeful back numbers will set you back a mere £2.00 (includes p&p), so don't delay — complete your collection now and get a free set of *Heartbreak Hotel* badges while supplies last



Say fans, here's another chance for you to relieve yourselves of some of your hard-earned dosh! Forget the Smiley — get Snarly with the Acid Jessamy T-shirt, exclusively from the Heartbreak Hotel Gift Shop. This mega-trendy T-shirt in fashionable one-size-fits-all XL is sure to drive your friends green with envy. And it can be yours for a mere £4.99 (includes p&p!). And if you don't fancy the idea of hanging out with a bunch of green friends, why not buy them one too?

Remember, Christmas is coming and there's no time like the present for presents!



Send those orders to:
HEARTBREAK HOTEL
29 BELSIZE PARK
LONDON NW3 4DX
mark them 'Gift Shop'!

ANGEL HEART MOVING

Hamilton — model-maker by trade, madman by inclination — is not one to sit still for anyone. A visit to his flat-cum-studio goes a long way to explaining Jim and his work.

The picture rail is lined with water pistols of every size and make imaginable, from Uzis to alien ray-guns. A deconstructed television hangs suspended on steel wires from an antique sewing machine frame. Half a mirrored globe protrudes a good four feet into the room above the electric fire. Fish, as some would say. Surreal as the more mundane would say.

Jim's work is anything but surreal, verging as it does on the monumental. His caustic Ten Commandments, done for his London College of Printing degree show, earned him a "Best of Student Shows" accolade from Creative Review and led to a commission for a larger version of one of his "icons" for the Time Out Live exhibition held at Olympia earlier this year.

Jim is currently creating window displays for Ted Baker's shirt shops. He devotes the same commitment to his window constructions as he does to any of his own personal works. "I was doing my work very much as a craft thing, so it wasn't



really very cost-effective. And I could only do cherubs and machine guns for so long.

"I'm always wondering 'What do I have to say now?' I like to have an external impetus — have someone come to me with some sort of a problem and be able to say 'I'll make it.'"

Moving Jim Hamilton can be contacted on ☎ (01) 837 5739.

!WILD THING!

It's the quiet ones you have to watch out for. And Grant Morrison is quiet to the point of being taciturn. But behind that wee elfin smile lurks a spirit that is mad, bad and dangerous to know.

Grant Morrison leads a secret life as a comics bore, drily chronicling the adventures of the first US-style British superhero, Zenith, in 2000 A.D. and *Animal Man* for DC Comics. Also in the pipeline is the controversial *Arkham Asylum* graphic novel in collaboration with Dave McKean (yes, him again!), an "appreciation" of Andy Warhol with *Heartbreak Hotel* beautiful Trevis Phoenix and a *Kid Eternity* prestige format mini-series, again for DC, with the stupendous Duncan Fegredo.

But that's his secret life. In real life, Grant is a rock 'n' roll animal!, singing and playing guitar with the Fauves. The origin of the Fauves bears the touch of Grant's fine, nihilistic hand:

"The lads met in the cramped and paint-bespattered confines of a grammar school art class, where they discovered a mutual yet unrequited desire to take the Brontësisters out for a curry and a carry on. Desolated by the news that the

Brontës had all been dead for at least a hundred years and were consequently no longer sexually available, our heroes chose the poor substitute of forming a band."

The Fauves' first single, *Tortured Soul*, has just been released on Roger Records (the Fauves' own vanity recording label, they shamelessly pronounce) and we've got a half a dozen copies to give away to the first six cards marked "Fauves" drawn in our New Year lucky dip.

Grant again: "Reflecting an unhealthy interest in the psychiatric profiles and anti-social activities of Charles Manson, Dennis Nielsen and Hungerford's own Michael Ryan, the single is both an indictment of modern living and a hymn to mass murder. Or perhaps not."

The photo, by the way, is of Grant (rt) and bass player Ronnie Bookless sans the rest of the band. "They didn't bother to turn up for the photo session, which was a disaster anyway," says Grant. "This is us trying to decide which of us will get to marry Prince Edward."

Yes, it's the quiet ones you have to watch out for.



t h e

DRESS YOU UP

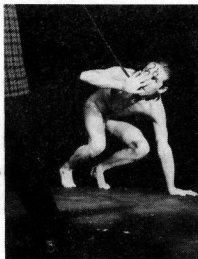
Nigel Davies paints black-and-white and full colour T-shirts on spec. "Until now, most of my commissions have been influenced by the world of comics, but that doesn't mean I can't handle anything else," he says. The cost is mainly determined by the amount of work each shirt entails. As Nigel says, "We're not talking hundreds, but we're not talking single figures either! Remember, you're paying for more than a T-shirt with a picture on it." If you're interested in commissioning a shirt, write to: Hand Painted, 95 New Road, Ware, Hertfordshire SG12 7BY with an indication as to what you want and an evening phone number.



John Parkes is interested in gay identity and the people who make that identity. "That is," says John, "the legislators, teachers, GPs, our families, ourselves, advertisements, films and so on. These diverse influences mean we end up with identities of conflicting negative and positive parts.

"What I try to do is represent that identity in different institutional contexts at particular times. Thus, my sequence of photographs earlier this year is

IMAGE IN CONFLICT



firmly based in my experience of what is now Section 28." John has just

begun his third year of a photo-arts degree at the Polytechnic of Central London. At present, he is working on popular notions of gays and children, gays and the age of consent, gays and marriage, gays and the armed forces, and gays and nature. He participates in an Images of Men group at the Wandsworth Photo Co-op, which always welcomes members of either sex and is about to exhibit some of its work at the Metro Cinema, just off Shaftesbury Avenue, London.

the good earth

These days even Thatcher's trying to get in on the Green act — although in her case, the most likely reason for her turning green is that that's what happens to anyone who's been dead for ten years. On the other hand, maybe she picked up a copy of this brand new book, which tells you everything you need to know about how to buy all the crap you need to live without crapping all over the planet you need to live on. It's even got a list of right-on toothpastes, not to mention the names of the underarm deodorants you can sweeten yourself with without gobbling up a few cubic yards of ozone in the process. Mind you, the authors, John Elkington and Julia Hailes, do say things like "this is designed to appeal to the sandals-to-Saabs spectrum of consumers". And if you don't want to kill a few trees by not using disposable nappies, that's all right with them. So they are trying to reach the yuppies with a "Green without tears" pitch. All the same, a useful reference book. But even if Safeways is the most Green supermarket chain, it still plays crappy muzak! *Gollancz*, £3.95 — but not printed on recycled paper, hypocrites!

Dave Thorpe

THE GREEN CONSUMER GUIDE

From shampoo to champagne
— high-street shopping for a better environment

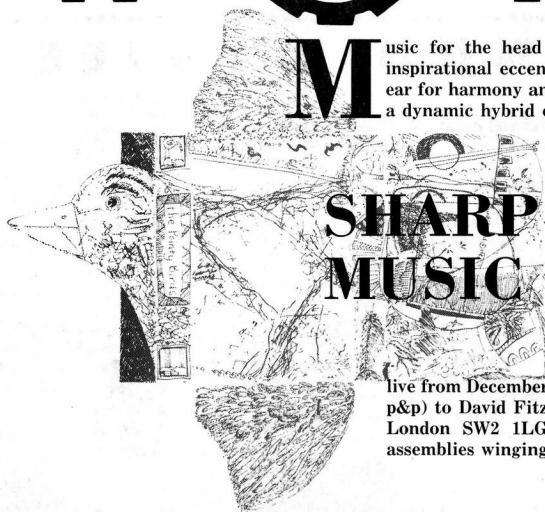


JOHN ELKINGTON & JULIA HAILES
Foreword by Anita Roddick

WORKS

Music for the head and feet unlike any you've ever heard is the inspirational eccentricity of the intrepid Pointy Birds. Their sharp ear for harmony and virtuoso fluttering of fingers has spun together a dynamic hybrid of Coleman, Parker, Reich and the eerie Orient.

SHARP MUSIC



Their numbers are short and tight with room for flights of improvisation. Live, they set the house rocking with their unlikely fusion as David FitzGerald bemusedly saws on the string of his cello, John Edwards slaps hard against the strings of his double bass, and towering Steve Blake cradles his soprano saxophone to his pursed lips. This is hot, sweaty, hit-the-floor jazz. A particular favourite is *April in Peckham* — as if Johann Sebastian Bach was on MDMA. Fresh from successes at the ICA and the Croydon Jazz Festival, you can cage these birds live from December 5-9 at The Place, London, or send £2.80 (includes p&p) to David FitzGerald, Flat 1, Rosslyn House, Rushcroft Road, London SW2 1LG to get a cassette of ten infectious acoustic assemblies winging your way.

Dave Thorpe

SAY
KIDS,
WHAT
TIME
IS IT?

Competitions!



WIN
E.T.
FOR YOUR
V.C.R.!



You know what time it is — it's time to get busy and win yourself a *Rap Trax* album!

With its finger ever on the pulse of modern musical trends, top TV marketing company Stylus Music has captured the best of today's top trax with yet another great collection of sounds from rap and house.

The *Rap Trax* LP can be yours if you answer the following question correctly by the end of 1988: Who recently had a Number One hit with *The Only Way Is Up*?

Send those cards to:

**HEARTBREAK HOTEL
29 BELSIZE PARK
LONDON NW3 4DX**

mark them 'Competitions'!

E

T. Two letters that did more for tissue sales than even the *Andrexx* puppy. And now the world's most successful film ever is available (legally) on video. Released on October 28 from CIC Video, millions will again have the chance to share the wondrous adventures of a boy and his alien, while an entire new generation can now marvel at the film that enthralled a large percentage of the earth's population. The kind folks at CIC have given us a copy of the video — worth about £80! — to give to a lucky reader of *Heartbreak Hotel*. The stupendously difficult question you have to answer to win this video (VHS only) is: Who directed *E.T.*? We make 'em hard just for you!



MONDO MOVIES

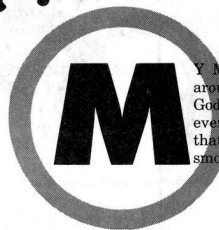
WOWIE KAZOWIE! INCREDIBLY strange films are now ready to invade your living room! Thanks to the incredibly sublime *Mondo Movies*, we have two Grade Z Ray Dennis Steckler films to give away on ultra-moderne VHS video-cassette — *Rat Pfk a Boo Boo* and *The Incredibly Strange Creatures Who Stopped Living And Became Mixed-up Zombies*! For a full list of all the films and assorted goodies that the boys in the basement at Psychotronic Films have to offer, send an SAE to *Mondo Movies*, c/o Psychotronic Films, 3 Buck Street, Camden Town, London NW1. To win the two Steckler films (and we'll throw in the third — *The Thrill Killers* — if it ever gets past our moral guardians at the BBFC), just answer correctly this incredibly difficult question: Which B-movie actor graduated to become the president of the United States. No cheating now!



Kati Teague - on drawing a blank...



is impartial). Most
ates find tacky but most Ar
morous Trina Robbins back to
ny, apple-pie-sexy, all-Ameri



MY MEMORIES OF Los Angeles in the mid-Sixties consist of a lot of driving around while getting stoned. I think the driving part is an L.A. phenomenon. God knows, nobody drove in New York at that time and in San Francisco everybody hitch-hiked. Anyway, the car radio was always on and many songs of that period came to me for the first time through a heavy haze of marijuana smoke. I remember driving with some friends to an airport. I don't remember which airport, or who it was we were meeting, but I remember that we turned off on to a side road before we got there, parked on a small hill, turned on the radio and proceeded to get stoned.

From the radio came The Chiffons singing *Sweet-talkin' Guy*, one of the best records by one of the best girl groups of the Sixties. Twenty years later, unaided by any chemicals whatsoever, I still marvel at the complicated rhythms, the involved counterpoints.

Another time, on another hill (the hills of Los Angeles must have been enveloped in a kind of pot-smog in those days), the song on the radio was The Supremes' *Back In My Arms Again*. I've never understood why The Supremes emerged as the top girl group of the Sixties. Their music is very mainstream, very predictable. Perhaps it was just this factor that made them more acceptable to the middle-American public. However, *Back In My Arms Again* contains some of my all-time favourite forced rhymes: "And Flo/She don't know/That the boy she loves is a Romeo".

Understand, this was not Our Kind Of Music. My hipper-than-thou friends and I didn't buy Detroit girl-group albums. We were listening to the more psychedelic sounds of Dylan, The Beatles, The Byrds. But the girl groups were unavoidable and despite myself I grew to love them.

Sometimes they were part of the package. I saw Martha and the Vandellas because they opened for The Byrds, but they could have been Martians. They didn't have Our Sound, and neither did they have Our Look. No long straight hair for them, no Indian vest embroidered with gold, no velvet bell-bottoms. Ah, but their music! Apocryphal!

How did those three skinny black girls in skin-tight, red sequinned evening gowns know that we spoke — in all seriousness — about putting LSD in the water supply to save the world? The *real* bad guys, we figured, wouldn't be able to handle it and would go harmlessly crazy. But for the rest of us — just like those girls sang — there'd be *Dancin' In The Streets*.

Best of all, there were the Shangri-Las. A girl *gang* group. A Bad Girl group. In 1965 they actually opened for Dylan! Three white girls this time, all in black — shiny black latex pants, skin-tight, tucked into shiny black plastic boots. Skinny heels. Pointy toes. Proto-punk. Wow!

When they sang about their Jamesdean, Easyrider boyfriend buying the farm under the wheels of a truck, these chicks were *tough*! And that deathless description, in words that defined cool for me forever: "What colour are his eyes?" "I don't know. He always wears shades."

'A telephone was ringing, and it
just about blew my mind, when I
picked it up and said
hello . . . The Shangri-Las came
on the line.'

— Bob Dylan's *115th Dream*, in concert, 1965



INVADE FORBIDDEN PLANET

At last the one-stop shop for all the things you love is near you. Britain's biggest and best comic shops are now all over the country. We provide a dazzling array of comic and fantasy material to astound the hardened fan and casual browser alike.

LONDON

71 NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON WC1A 1DG. (01) 836 4179 AND (01) 379 6042.

The galaxy's BIGGEST specialist store for American comics, 2000 AD, back issues, graphic novels, badges, T-shirts, toys, videos, horror, science fiction and fantasy hardbacks and paperbacks, film and TV memorabilia and a great deal more!

GLASGOW

168 BUCHANAN STREET, GLASGOW G1 2LW. (041) 331 1215.

Scotland's largest specialist comic and book shop. The pride of the North.

CAMBRIDGE

60 BURLEIGH STREET, CAMBRIDGE CB1 1DJ. (0223) 66926.

The latest addition to the F.P. group. At last you can get a REAL education in Cambridge.

NEWCASTLE

TIMESLIP, 17 PRUDHOE PLACE, NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE NE1 7PE. (091) 261 9173.

Serving the North East area, home of the VIZ culture. DO NOT SPILL ANYONE'S PINT HERE!

BRIGHTON

29 SYDNEY STREET, BRIGHTON BN1 4EP. (0273) 687620.

Recently re-fitted and refurbished, the jewel of the South coast now has more space, more comics, more books and more style.

MILTON KEYNES

7 DEER WALK, SPECIALIST ARCADE, CENTRAL MILTON KEYNES MK9 3AB. (0908) 677556.

The shop of the future in the shopping centre of the future.

MAIL ORDER

P.O. BOX 378, 42 COPPERFIELD RD, LONDON E3 4RD. (01) 980 9711.

Don't despair if you can't get to your nearest Forbidden Planet — we can deliver the goodies to your door. Full monthly US comic list and a giant 2000 AD/Titan Books catalogue. Send a large SAE and 25p in stamps for details.



The Crime and Mystery Bookshop
23 Denmark Street London WC2H 8NN 01-497 2200

In the mean streets of central London, on the site of the original Forbidden Planet, lurks MURDER ONE, Britain's first crime and mystery bookshop. All you ever needed to know about crime and punishment both fact and fiction. The stuff dreams are made of...

Art
Cabaret
Children
Dance
Film
Gay
Rock/Folk & Jazz
Classical Music
Night Life
Poetry
Politics
Sport
TV & Broadcast

8

DAYS A WEEK

Time Out

London's

weekly

G U I D E

No other magazine
tells you more
about what's
happening in
London every week



News > People

Obituary: Don Melia

Rose Collis | Tuesday 01 September 1992 23:02 | [comments](#)

Don Melia, administrator and publicist, born 25 December 1953, died Liverpool 21 August 1992.

'MELIA? MELIA? Shouldn't that be Media.' This waggish observation came (though not for the first time) at the launch of Strip Aids, in 1987 - one of the many brilliantly conceived and executed projects created by Don Melia that mixed comics, culture and conscience.

Strip Aids, a fund-raising comic and exhibition for the London Lighthouse, featured donated work from nearly 90 artists, including Posy Simmonds, Mel Calman, Jamie Reid, Marge Clarke, Alan Moore, Los Bros Hernandez and Steve Bell. It was a triumphant breakthrough in the battle for Aids awareness and education - a battle which Melia continued to wage even up to the last months of his life, whether at home or in hospital, constantly questioning and campaigning - and it was the finest example of his vision, commitment and grasp of the finer art of public relations.

Though Melia had previously spent some years working in the film industry - which reaped a rich harvest of Warhol-like gossip for which he became infamous - many people came to know him through the pioneering comic publications that he created from the mid-1980s onwards. In 1986, Melia, together with his former long-time partner Lionel Gracey-Whitman, created 'Matt Black', the world's first gay superhero. In 1987 they began Heartbreak Hotel, the brilliantly brash and influential magazine that brought together comic art and music and served as a launch pad for the subsequent success of many new young artists. It was at the centre of the real comic art revolution in this country, the brash, independent underbelly of an industry that has since been embraced by the main stream, but then Melia was also to play a vital role in this.

The energy and skills he brought to Strip Aids did not go unnoticed by Titan Books, then Britain's biggest comics publisher and distributor, and Melia subsequently became their publicity director. Between 1988 and 1990, he generated much of the mainstream media coverage of the 'new comics' revolution.

He had always bemoaned the fact that Britain never had a lesbian and gay comic, and ironically, it was only after failing health forced him to leave Titan that, from out of his council flat and funded from his state benefits, he produced Buddies, perhaps the one that ultimately meant most to him.

Knowing he was dying, he moved back to his home town of Liverpool. For many of us it is almost impossible to comprehend that he is not sitting on a sofa, cigarette in one hand, cup of tea in the other, simultaneously listening to Sixties tapes, watching Divine movies and vexing about the world.

More about: [AIDS](#) [Arts](#) [Charity](#) [HIV](#)